

THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

WE now have not only the provisions of, but also the press reaction to, the Baldwin Government's Trade-Union Bill. A strike having any object beyond the furtherance of a trade

dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers are engaged is declared illegal so far as it is designed to coerce the Government or intimidate the community. Penalties are prescribed for engaging in an illegal strike, and protection is provided for members of unions who refuse to join one. Picketing at the doors of workers' homes is defined as intimidation and declared unlawful. Trade-unions, which have hitherto had the right to make a political levy upon their members unless these 'contracted out' of the obligation, will no longer be permitted to make such levies upon members who have not 'contracted in' — that is, expressed their willingness in writing to pay their quota to the political Labor Party fund. Civil servants are prohibited from being members of a union, local authorities are forbidden to make membership or nonmembership in a union a condition

of public employment, and the powers of injunction are extended. The *Times* declares that the bill cannot be described as an attack on trade-unionism, while the *Labor Daily Herald* protests that it is 'a strategic masterpiece designed to render the trade-unions impotent and to cripple the Labor Party,' and calls it 'The Black-leg's Charter.' The *Scotsman* believes that the restrictions in the present bill 'are designed, not to diminish freedom of association, but to curb abuses which have arisen through the action of trade-union extremists.' Lord Grey criticizes the bill as 'a mistake fraught with real peril to the interest of the country,' and Mr. Garvin denounces it in the *Observer* as 'a measure hampering all kinds of strikes without imposing any kind of liability on employers . . . a partisan measure for preventing any trade from supporting any other by the sympathetic strike and for enabling employers to beat the trades in detail.' The *Spectator* declares such a law will force labor organizations 'to cease to function as trade-unions, and to become more or less secret political societies,' while the *Outlook* condemns

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it because it fails to satisfy its supporters, but it more than suffices to exasperate its opponents . . . and marks one more stage in the development of class warfare. Only the confessed Communists can be pleased at the way things are going. The increasing democratization of our political institutions is not reflected in our society, and the stage is now definitely set for a long and bitter struggle.'

Mr. Churchill's third Budget, as interpreted in his speech to the House of Commons, was such a monument of nimble resourcefulness that for the moment it fairly took the

breath away from his critics. In order to cover a deficit of roughly one hundred and eighty million dollars, he proposes to take sixty million dollars from certain reserves in the Road Fund, to obtain twenty-five million dollars immediately by reducing brewers' excise credits, and seventy-five million dollars by advancing the collection of the second installment of the landlords' property tax. The remaining twenty million dollars is to come from new customs and internal revenue taxes, principally upon tobacco, matches, wines, automobile tires, and other luxuries. Incidentally he proposes to simplify radically the income tax — possibly even to the extent of making it easily intelligible for the ordinary citizen. The *Outlook* is sufficiently heartened by this plan for 'salvation by bookkeeping' to acclaim it as 'a triumph of accountancy' which 'relieves our fears and fortifies our self-esteem by the adjustment of a few figures,' and believes that trade will not suffer and that the few extra taxes imposed will diffuse themselves without great disturbance.

It was with mixed feelings that the British public received the announcement that the Government proposes

to reduce the voting age for women from thirty to twenty-one. The *Saturday Review* observed: 'For the first time in our politics a great extension of the franchise is about to take place without any perceptible demand for it, still less any agitation, and without any strong feeling in its favor. . . . There is a casualness about this way of doing things that is new in our constitutional history.' Lord Rothermere's papers, the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News*, started a scare headline campaign against the measure, and the *Outlook* sagely conjectures that the proposed reform will 'merely add a small number of ardent Conservatives and ardent Socialists to those who actually use the franchise, while the register will be further burdened with the names of more electors who never enter a polling booth for the simple reason that what everybody has nobody values.' The law adds five million names to the polling lists, and gives women a clear majority of one million over men in the British electorate.

Great Britain, like the United States, is disturbed over the number of fatal aviation accidents in the Army and Navy flying corps. Mr. Baldwin, as a result of his personal investigations into the subject, has come to the conclusion that a majority of these accidents are due to human miscalculation rather than to technical defects. A resounding attack upon aviation in general has been delivered in a sensational volume, entitled *The Great Delusion*, by an author who writes under a nom de plume. He quotes many surprising facts, figures, and expert opinions to prove his case. For example: 'It costs as much to carry one pound of luggage one mile by airplane as to carry one ton by train'; or again: 'The Cape-to-Cairo Royal Air Force

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machines averaged five miles an hour. Two tramp steamers could have carried four thousand, six hundred tons of cargo in half the time.' With regard to military aviation the author makes the following proposal: 'While developing natural counters, both passive and active, to enemy aircraft, Britain should declare that under no circumstances whatever will she take part in or sanction the aerial bombardment of towns and villages — a declaration tantamount to the surrender of the practice of bombing, and consequently of the construction of the bombing machines. While surrendering this barbarous and relatively futile weapon, Britain should take back her full right of blockade.'

To come down from the air to solid ground, more than one thousand people were killed, and nearly fifty thousand were injured, in London last year by street accidents. The total for the United Kingdom was approximately 5000 killed and 139,000 injured. Furthermore, the number of people killed is growing faster than the number of vehicles. Private and commercial cars are the most destructive of life, buses being comparatively innocent. Nearly one half the fatalities were of people who hesitated in crossing the street and turned back, or who ran across without looking. British pedestrians seem to have learned that it is dangerous to walk into a stream of traffic from behind a stationary car or bus, for relatively few accidents occur for this reason, but they seem unable to acquire the habit of facing the oncoming traffic when they cross a road.

Ireland is not of one mind regarding reviving the ancient tongue of the country. In a senatorial debate on a resolution calling upon the Cabinet to put in force the recommendations of the Commission which recently reported upon a policy for the Irish-

speaking districts, Senator Gogarty attacked the whole idea. He asserted that Gaelic-speaking Ireland was not, as enthusiasts regard it, the centre of Irish civilization, but the centre of Irish decadence. This declaration was violently resented, however, by a majority of his fellow senators.

The French Parliament adjourned early in April, leaving three important measures, the Army Bill, *Continental* the Tariff Bill, and the *High Lights* Electoral Reform Bill, to be dealt with after the recess, which will have ended when these lines reach our readers. The main purpose of the Electoral Reform Bill is to reintroduce single-member constituencies, like those in the United States, in place of the recently introduced method of electing several members on the same ballot. No serious opposition exists to returning to single constituencies, but many Frenchmen want a clause providing for a second ballot in cases where no candidate receives an absolute majority at the first polling. This works in favor of the Radicals and Socialists, who in constituencies where a second ballot is called for would in most cases combine and elect a candidate they jointly agreed upon at the second voting. In the last three general elections the Radicals have lost more than half a million votes to the Socialists. Since the new army law, providing for the conscription of the whole nation and all its wealth in time of war, went through the Chamber, opposition to it has grown among the Socialists, and at the National Congress of the Party, held at Lyon late in April, its deputies were attacked violently for having voted for the measure. The Vatican is pushing its campaign against recalcitrant Royalists in France. It has just announced that ecclesiastics who continue to support the *Action Française* group are liable

first to the interdict, — that is, deprivation of the right to say Mass and administer the sacraments, — and, if they continue unrepentant, to excommunication. One abbé, who was wounded several times at the front during the war and who is an officer of the Legion of Honor and has received the Croix de Guerre, has been suspended for refusing to submit, and *L'Action Française* and its champions still remain defiant.

What to the average American would be an incomparably funnier lawsuit than the famous 'monkey trial' at Dayton ended amid tears and cheers last month at Colmar, the Alsatian home of 'Hansi,' and in German days the centre of anti-Prussian sentiment. Since Alsace-Lorraine has been restored to France, however, its insurgency has turned against Paris; for Alsace is first of all autonomist, and resents what she considers the Paris Government's impious and ungrateful attacks upon her language and her religion. Not long ago a member of the Paris *Journal* staff accused Dr. Haegy, a prominent autonomist, of being one 'of the gang of idiots working for the King of Prussia'; whereupon the indignant doctor sued him for libel. The *Journal* brought down to Colmar, where the case was tried, the most eloquent members of the Paris Bar, and cited seventy witnesses in its defense, including Graf Westarp, the Junker leader of the German Nationalists at Berlin, the German Consul-General at Zurich, and a long list of distinguished Frenchmen, including General de Castelnau, leader of the Clerical Nationalists in France. Had all these witnesses answered the summons there might have been a merry mix-up in the courtroom. From the first the *Journal* assumed the attitude of a plaintiff. The judge commended from the bench the patriotism and loyalty of its witnesses, and made no effort to conceal his

antipathy for the witnesses of the libeled plaintiff. After several days of patriotic speech-making to packed audiences, the case ended with the plaintiff's withdrawing his charges. Thus the trial came to a Fourth of July conclusion. The defendants shouted, 'Vive la France! Vive l'Alsace!' the spectators struck up the Marseillaise, everybody wept, — the jury, the judge, the prosecuting attorney, and the lawyers on both sides, — and the courtroom emptied amid mutual embraces and a flutter of tear-stained handkerchiefs.

Germany has plodded through an eventless political month. Count Bernstorff, of Washington memory, raised a ripple at the Disarmament Conference by hinting that, if other European Powers did not abolish conscription, Germany might sooner or later have to resume it. *Le Temps* protested that other countries were free to do as they pleased, but Germany was forbidden by the Versailles Treaty ever again to rearm herself. Pertinax, in the chauvinist *Écho de Paris*, admitted that, if the rest of Europe retained conscription, Germany would inevitably resort to it, with or without a disarmament agreement. In his opinion, that country's military hegemony will be restored whatever happens, for if other governments abolish conscription she will train her soldiers surreptitiously.

Four years after Soviet Russia severed relations with Switzerland following the assassination of Vorovskii, one of her delegates to the Lauzanne Conference, and the acquittal of his assassin by the Swiss courts, the Swiss Federal Council has officially condemned the crime, and has indicated that it will pay compensation to Vorovskii's daughter. Friendly relations between the two countries are resumed, and Russia will presumably send delegates hereafter to interna-

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tional meetings on Swiss soil — possibly to the coming Economic Conference.

The uncertain state of King Ferdinand's health has kept the Rumanian Cabinet on pins and needles for the past six months, but his powers of recuperation are such that the Council of Regency, headed by General Averescu, has never had time to acquire prestige. Furthermore, the leading Rumanian politicians are divided among themselves. Bratiano, who retired a year ago last January, wants to keep out the Peasant Party, which favors the rehabilitation of Crown Prince Carol. Fondly imagining that General Averescu shared his dislike of both Prince and peasant, Bratiano let the soldier step into his shoes. But Averescu was presently coquetting with the Peasant Party and putting trusted friends in strategic positions in possible contemplation of a coup d'état à la Horthy. Both Averescu and Bratiano, who has another military supporter as a counterattraction to Averescu, cost the Regency Council so much loss of dignity, however, by their petty intrigues that now some form of royalty seems essential. The question therefore is whether Queen Marie can spare enough of her time from recommending vanishing creams to assume the cares of State, or whether her gay young son will be whitewashed. The former course would entail a change in the Constitution; the latter would involve the reversal of a royal decree. From Bulgaria the *Daily Herald* brings wild reports of Fascist violence, while more conservative papers find nothing out of the ordinary going on. A Labor M.P. just back from that part of the world says that reactionary organizations, backed by prominent individuals and even by the Government, are establishing themselves in all the provinces. Their motto, 'Violence is Sa-

cred,' and their conscientiousness in carrying it out, make it impossible for the authorities to release many political prisoners, lest they be murdered.

Count Bethlen and Mussolini have met at Rome and have concluded a short treaty of conciliation and arbitration between Italy and Hungary, consisting of five articles, to which was attached a long protocol of eighteen articles defining the conciliation procedure to be followed in case disputes should arise between the two countries. The text of these two unsensational documents discloses no reason why the negotiations should have attracted the world's attention, or, indeed, have necessitated a visit by the Hungarian Premier to his colleague at Rome. An earlier agreement, concluded in the middle of the previous month, to facilitate Hungarian traffic via the port of Fiume, was confirmed by a separate Note. Naturally diplomatic gossip professes to discover much more below the surface than appears to the naked eye — among other things, an attempt to encircle Yugoslavia. Such inferences are not entirely justified by the logic of the situation, at least so far as the Fiume arrangement is concerned, since Yugoslavia must be a silent partner in any agreement to use that port. Mussolini has invited a stern lecture from the London *Times* on account of his rather dictatorial communiqué reasserting his determination to have no international discussion of the Tirana Treaty, which that journal says 'can only intensify suspicions' that it is Italy's purpose to control Albania. Italy has announced that she intends to keep the Dodecanese Islands, which she has held since her war with Turkey fifteen years ago, although at one time during the peace negotiations she was persuaded to promise to hand them over, with the exception of Rhodes, to Greece. They

have always been Greek in population and character. Señor Zaniboni, the former Socialist deputy who tried to assassinate Mussolini a year and a half ago, has been sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment for his crime. A new and serious revolt has broken out in the Rif, where a group of Berber clans has risen, cut a Spanish supply column to pieces, and captured a Spanish outpost. It is predicted that this will make the Spaniards more urgent in pressing their claims to Tangier.

At the last Calcutta election the Swarajists lost control of the Municipal Council, which now passes into the hands of a European and non-Swarajist native coalition. According to English reports, the Mohammedan vote is responsible for this. Mr. Saklatvala, the Indian Communist member of the House of Commons who gained prominence by being refused admission to the United States at the time the Interparliamentary Union met at Washington, has attacked Gandhi's policy of love and homespun as not stern and sanguinary enough to help his countrymen. Gandhi has replied that he is quite content with the progress he is making, and especially with the form that progress is taking. 'In spite of my denunciation of British policy, I enjoy the affection of thousands of English men and women; and in spite of my unqualified condemnation of modern materialistic civilization, the circle of my European and American friends is ever widening.' Mr. Coolidge's message to the Filipinos, vetoing the act of the Manila Legislature providing for a plebiscite on independence, excites the admiration of the *Spectator*, which says 'the whole document is written with a frankness and air of finality which are seldom seen in British announcements in similar circumstances.'

It has been no secret in China for the past two months or more that a break might occur between Chiang Kai-shek, the military leader of the Kuomintang, and the Russianized group of Sun Yat-sen heirs at Hankow. An understanding is even suspected between that officer and the Chang Tso-lin people in the North. In fact, General Chiang Kai-shek is reported to have manoeuvred cleverly to get all the Communist and semi-Communist leaders concentrated in Hankow, where they might be eliminated by a single blow. Another chapter of treaty-port gossip makes Japan the chief wire-puller behind the scenes in these dealings. According to still another, and more plausible, analysis of the situation, General Chiang Kai-shek and a large body of Moderates form the Centre of the Nationalists, who are split into many factions, with the Communists on the extreme Left and a Conservative business group on the extreme Right. The Rights are in favor of alliances with Wu Pei-fu and the Northern militarists, while the Communists are out to fight all tuchuns to the bitter end. Meanwhile General Chiang Kai-shek, while possibly evolving into a conventional tuchun himself, is still supported by a large liberal element. However this may be, China could not conduct military operations without Western aid. To quote the *Nation and Athenæum*: 'Europeans are flying for safety from soldiers who may be armed by weapons made in their own countries — a sort of Nemesis. During 1925 Germany sent into China armaments to the value of nearly £700,000; Norway, it is interesting to find, supplied £250,000 worth, and Italy £200,000. The arsenal of the Cantonese was equipped from American factories; France has sent military airplanes; Russians, White and Red, are supplying armaments and men to

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both the warring sections. There is one omission from the list over which I as a patriot rejoice. Alone among the great nations of the world Great Britain has refrained from the traffic in arms in China.'

On April 6 Chang Tso-lin's agents raided the Soviet Legation in Peking. At the same time police were posted by orders of the Municipal Council around the Soviet Consulate at Shanghai. The premises raided in Peking were inside the Legation Quarter but outside the Russian Embassy proper. In order to enter the Quarter under the Protocol in force since the Boxer outbreak, the Chinese had first to obtain the consent of the Diplomatic Corps, which was given by its Dean, the Dutch Minister. The Russians, who have renounced all their special privileges in China, could not protest against the violation either of the Protocol or extraterritoriality, but they apparently had a claim to diplomatic immunity. The police arrested twenty-two Russians and forty or fifty Chinese in the premises raided, where they are reported to have discovered evidence of a conspiracy against the existing government, whatever that may be. Some twenty of the Chinese taken have since been executed. Western diplomats did not expect Moscow to make more than verbal protests, for Russia cannot attack Chang Tso-lin without invading Manchuria, where Japan would be dragged into the dispute. The *Spectator* is convinced that Chang Tso-lin's police exceeded their permission from the Diplomatic Corps, but discovers precedent for that permission in previous practices. The *Saturday Review* disapproves of the picketing of the Soviet Consulate in Shanghai as an intervention in Chinese domestic affairs likely to produce an unfavorable reaction. 'Nothing could more definitely strengthen the in-

fluence of Bolshevism in China than this picketing of the Bolshevik Consulate.'



POOR JAPAN!

— *L'Œuvre*, Paris

The Wakatsuki Cabinet in Japan has resigned after an uninspiring fifteen months in office. Matters were brought to a head by the simultaneous embarrassment of the Bank of Formosa and the Suzuki firm, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, with liabilities of one half a billion yen, or one quarter of a billion dollars. A Palace Council presided over by the Emperor personally, and one of the three most momentous of its kind within the past twenty years, rejected the Ministry's plan for rescuing the tottering firms. As a result Baron Tanaka, the leader of the Seiyukai, has taken over the reins of government.

Agricultural depression in Japan has affected landowners and tenant farmers alike, although the latter have been the more turbulent in their protests. Recently the proprietors have come forward with a proposal to sell their estates to the Government for a modest sum equivalent to upwards of nine billion dollars. Even Socialists in that country have not jumped eagerly at this proposal for nationalization. Critics point out that interest at current rates upon this purchase price would absorb a very considerable fraction of the total value of the coun-

try's annual crops, and also that if the latter is worth the price asked the landlords are absurdly undertaxed.

A presidential election of unusual significance occurs in Argentina this coming summer. Aside from the old-time Conservatives, a stationary or decadent Party which still figures in Buenos Aires provincial elections, the voters of the Republic are divided into two major groups—the Socialists, who are strong in the cities, and the Radicals, who of late years have had the allegiance of a majority of the electorate. Indeed, the latter Party would have put its opponents completely out of the running were it not for a division that has grown up within its ranks during the existing administration. President Marcelo de Alvear occupies a position with regard to his predecessor, ex-President Hipólito Iri-

goyen, somewhat similar to that which President Taft occupied with respect to President Roosevelt. Although the latter's nominee, he has become politically estranged from his former friend during his administration. Dr. Irigoyen's partisans are known as *Personalistas*, and ergo, his opponents are dubbed 'Anti-personalistas.' The reasons for the controversy are too complex and local to interest the outside public. They have, however, prevented Congress from enacting an admirable legislative programme designed to reform taxation, finances, and banking, to break up the great estates, to encourage small farming, and to regulate immigration. Two recent local elections, in the city and the province of Buenos Aires respectively, have given sweeping victories to the Irigoyen Party.



'Shanghai's Mine!'

— *Pravda*, Moscow



'Step it, darlingest! You promised!'

— *Star*, London

JOHN BULL LOOKS AT UNCLE SAM

THE MACKENZIE INQUIRY

I. AMERICANISM AND WAGES¹

WHY are the wages for skilled work so much lower in this country than in the United States? The question is often asked, and most often answered in terms of the superior productivity of the American workman. That in general American labor is more productive than British, in quantity at least, cannot be questioned. But that does not settle the matter. For it remains to ask whether the higher wages are consequence or cause of the greater productivity. And this question is especially pertinent just now, when British wages appear to have got badly jammed. The employer says he cannot pay more except for higher production; the workman replies that more cannot be produced unless there are higher wages wherewith to buy it.

We need not, of course, take all that is said about American wages or American production at its face value. The American wages of which we hear most in this country are those of the more favored classes of workers engaged in mass production in the great mechanical industries. Textile wages in the Southern states, mining wages in some of the nonunion coal fields, unskilled wages almost everywhere, tell a different story. Not every American workman has his own motor car, or is a small capitalist investor in industry. A larger number of workers than in any other country do earn wages which

raise them to this level; but a far larger number do not. America, for all her wealth, is still a long way off solving the problem of poverty.

Still, for practical purposes, the contrast holds. American wages and American production are decisively above the levels prevailing in this country. We want to know the reason. We want to know if the future for us lies in imitating American methods and ideas. And we want to know what these methods and ideas really are — what lies behind the unhelpful generalities which are usually proffered instead of an explanation. Of one thing there is no doubt — American high wages came first, and American mass production afterward. There is nothing novel in America's reputation as a country of high industrial wages. The scarcity of industrial labor, even in face of heavy immigration, made high wages necessary long before anyone had heard of Henry Ford or the Taylor system. As a mere matter of supply and demand, American wages had to be high; accordingly they were high, and for the same reason trade-unionism there was and is comparatively weak.

Nor is there any dispute about the effect of these high wages in compelling American employers to make a little labor go a long way. The employer in the United States had the strongest of all incentives to call machinery and science to his aid. Within his tariff wall he had a tremendous and rapidly expanding market, the purchasing power of which was limited by the

¹ From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), March 26.

price of American agricultural products. The market was highly elastic — in other words, if he could bring down his price he was sure of a rapidly growing sale for his industrial products. There is no doubt that the Americans, compelled to pay high wages by the condition of the labor market, set to work energetically to make the most of the high-priced labor, and to seek, through expanding output, the maximum benefit of the tendency to increasing returns.

Nor is there much doubt that, in course of this quest, one manufacturer after another stumbled on fresh discoveries. It was found, not merely that high wages were fully compatible with low costs of production, but that the offer of higher wages still might be so used as to stimulate a further fall in cost. High wages thereafter became, with some employers, not merely a necessity which had to be faced, but a positive policy. This tendency was, and is, far from general. Not all employers are alive to it; and it does not apply in the same manner or degree to all forms of production. But, for those employers who made it or acted on it afterward, it introduced a change whose importance can hardly be put too high.

Then there followed the growth of what is termed 'scientific management,' which, as a practical movement, first took shape mainly as a system of special rewards and penalties for high and low production. Taylor, Gantt, Emerson, and a host of others, devised all manner of new systems of wage payment. Taylor penalized the slow worker in order to drive him off the job; Emerson offered special inducements to the attainment of 'one-hundred-per-cent efficiency.' All the 'scientific managers' and 'efficiency engineers' set to work, by time and motion study, to discover just how quickly each job could be

done and what was the quickest way of doing it. The movement spawned a huge literature; and in this country as well imitators set to work on the introduction of 'scientific' systems of payment by results.

The results were often disappointing; and the cause is not far to seek. The more a process is mechanical, the less control, as a rule, the operative has over the pace of work; more and more the machine and the power house themselves set the pace to which the human producers have to conform. Some American manufacturers were not long in becoming aware of this; and, as fast as they did so, 'Americanism' in industry entered on a new phase. Forms of payment by results were reduced to a secondary importance; and the main stress was transferred to the forms and methods of factory organization. The effect on factory output of the individual's response to payment by results was far less than the effect of so organizing the factory as to compel the individual to go the factory's pace rather than his own.

This is the essence of 'Fordism,' of American mass production in its later phases. Even more than the earlier policy, it involves high wages. For, whereas the worker who is stimulated by 'payment by results' speeds himself up in response to the inducement, the worker under Fordism is speeded up, whether he likes it or not, by the pace at which the factory runs, by the endless stream of articles ceaselessly propelled toward him by the remorseless chain of machines. He must work the factory's pace, or go; and go he will, unless he is offered a special inducement to remain. Could Ford keep his men — the sort of men who can stand the strain of his system — unless he paid them well for standing it?

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mire. In such works, are the high wages the consequence of high production, or its cause? Can the question really be answered at all? The high wages would not, by themselves, secure the high production; it is the organization of the factory that does this. But, if the high wages are not the *cause* of high production, certainly they are not its consequence. It is not that high production of itself brings high wages. It is truest to say that the high wages are, under the Ford system, the indispensable condition of the high production. Men will not accept the Ford discipline and the Ford pace unless they are well paid for doing so.

British employers, in adjuring their employees to produce more, are apt to lose sight of the indispensable conditions of American productivity. The average British factory is simply not organized for production at the Ford pace or on the Ford scale. To expect the British workman to produce Ford output in it is like expecting a musician to play a symphony on a piano. If we want Fordism in Great Britain, the first step is to reorganize our factories on Ford lines. This implies two things — first, a factory system which, by raising mechanization to the *n*th power, sets the pace by forces outside the worker's control, and secondly, the payment of a guaranteed wage large enough to induce the workman to put up with it.

A few British manufacturers, we believe, are to some extent doing this. It seems probable that the success of Mr. Morris in making cheap cars is largely due to his concentration on the problem of organizing his factory to the last point of connected machine efficiency. And there are others who are following the same course. But, in Great Britain, 'American wages' do not appear to follow the development of American methods. A British firm

aiming at Fordism must, indeed, offer a special wage inducement. But it need offer only a wage level enough above the general British level to attract the men it wants. Whereas Mr. Ford has to take the high level of American skilled wages as his basis, his British emulators have only to take the relatively low level of British wages. The inducement lies, not in the absolute magnitude of the wage, but in its relation to the wages earned elsewhere in the same labor market. Fordism in Great Britain, therefore, while it might be expected to raise wages, would not necessarily raise them to the American level. This would depend on the bargaining power of British labor, and to some extent on the geographical distribution of the factories adopting the new methods. There is already some tendency for such developments to take place, not in the older industrial centres of the North and Midlands, but in less developed areas, in which, under present conditions, a cheaper supply of labor may easily be available. This may delay, though it could hardly prevent in the long run, the rise in wages that would otherwise be expected to follow from a widespread adoption of American methods.

But do we, even if its effect will be to raise wages, want to apply Fordism in Great Britain? Will British labor, with its long traditions of organization and collective bargaining, submit itself to the discipline and regimentation which appear to be indispensable to the American system? If the new methods grow up outside the great industrial areas, their promoters may indeed be able to defy trade-union control and to impose the new discipline in its despite. Such a method, however, would be terribly wasteful. It would mean building up new factories and businesses instead of refashioning old

ones, and would cause an immense dislocation due to the necessary migration of workers from district to district. It may happen; but its happening will be a disaster.

Instead, it would be far better to reshape the industries in the areas in which they are already carried on. This, however, implies, in view of British traditions, an attitude to organized labor vastly different from that of the American employer. It means a recognition of collective bargaining, and an attempt to work out, in close consultation with the trade-unions, acceptable methods of applying scientific factory organization and adjusting it to the human demands of labor. We do not believe that this is an impossible task. If America has owed her discovery of the economy of high wages to the fortunate accident of a scarcity of labor, equally she owes her hostility to trade-unionism to an accident — the growth of the factory system under conditions which long gave the laborer a ready escape from the factory, and thus fostered an individualist attitude. With reasonable sense, there is no cause why we should not realize all the advantages of mass production without many of the human disadvantages which have accompanied them in the United States; and to do this should be the first aim of employers and trade-unionists alike. Unhappily, there is little sign of any attempt on either side to work out such a policy.

II. WAR AND PEACE IN INDUSTRY²

It is perhaps fortunate that governments sometimes act on the principle of not letting their left hand know what their right is doing. Early this week the

² From the *Economist* (London financial and commercial weekly), April 9

Whips' Office threw into the political arena an apple of discord by circulating a Trades Disputes and Trade-Unions Bill which they well knew would have the effect of stirring up class feeling and lining up the whole trade-union world in a solid phalanx against the Government. Almost at the identical moment their left hand, in the person of the Minister of Labor, published to the world the report of the Mackenzie Delegation of Inquiry in America, which is by implication the most powerful argument that could be imagined for the need of industrial peace. It is to be hoped that the latter may in some small measure undo the mischief which is likely to be caused in the field of industrial politics by the former.

The Government bill aims at giving effect to a series of principles with which most people will be in complete agreement. The general strike is an attack on the community which the State must use every resource to overcome, and it may quite properly arm itself with every weapon for the purpose. Intimidation, particularly in the home, whether in furtherance of a dispute or not, is a form of tyranny which is repugnant to every instinct of individual liberty, while the political levy as it works out in practice is one of many symptoms of political pressure in the labor world which tend to suppress independence of political thought and are largely responsible for the machine-made character of the Labor Party. But, in spite of these instinctive sympathies with the ideas behind the Government bill, we think it is a most unfortunate enterprise. It is untimely, for it has closed up the Labor ranks in resistance to what is regarded as an attack on trade-unionism at a moment when all should be devising methods of industrial peace; it is unworkable in its main thesis, namely, that relating to the general strike — a

point which we develop more fully later; and, finally, however justified its objects may be, it is futile and unwise to attempt to curtail the power of the unions to make war, without having first organized the machinery of industrial peace. The bill aims at the general strike. It really gives the courts very wide powers to restrict the use of the strike weapon altogether. It is doubtful whether trade-unionism has either gained much for its members or saved them from loss by the use of the strike weapon, any more than aggressive war has gained very much for nations during the last century. But one cannot outlaw war without first creating a sense of security, and providing machinery which will ensure fair wages and conditions of labor. The Government, ignoring these considerations, has accumulated within its bill all the grievances of many years, and produced a document which is calculated to stir up the maximum of strife. Let us turn from this discouraging spectacle to the report on industrial conditions across the Atlantic.

The Mackenzie Report suffers from being unanimous. A delegation which contains both employers and trade-union leaders with very strong views will only arrive at a unanimous report by watering down the more trenchant expressions of opinion which its individual members may be disposed to make. The cold, almost bald narrative of its fifty pages has, however, a most important moral for the British public. The comparative post-war poverty of the European Lazarus has produced a stream of investigators who have sallied forth to discover the secret of the riches of the American Dives; but so far as Great Britain, at all events, is concerned, this is the first official inquiry, and the members of the Delegation have been very careful not to be carried away by the glamour of American

prosperity. Nevertheless, their report fully confirms the view of those who have urged in recent years that we have much to learn from the United States, both as to methods of organization of industry and, even more, in regard to industrial relations.

The standard of living in the United States is notoriously higher than it is in this country, and, though the Delegation boggles at the task of giving a direct comparison of the standard in the two countries, the picture it draws is one of substantially higher real wages in the United States now than in 1914, and a wage at the present time which enables the wage-earner, not only to make a considerable accumulation of savings out of his wages, but to maintain a standard which, particularly in the case of the skilled worker, would be the envy of workers in this country. 'Such a workman expects to have his house fitted with central heating, and a household is in many cases not considered complete without an automobile, a wireless set, an electric washer, and other electric domestic equipment.' The only set-off against these advantages is that there is nothing in the United States to compare with the provision in Great Britain against unemployment, sickness, and old age, and the industrial worker in the United States is therefore 'in a less favorable position in regard to the risks of industry than in Great Britain.' The Delegation should have added as against this, however, that the unemployed worker has a much greater prospect of moving out on to the land or changing his occupation than he has here. Indeed, a system of insurance which has the effect of keeping attached to an industry perhaps for years together a mass of unemployed workers against the time when the turn of the tide will call for expansion again is to some extent a device for

preventing change, and is much less appropriate in a country undergoing rapid evolution than in one the skeleton of whose industrial structure is fully developed and more or less fixed.

In commenting on the wage movements of recent years, and on the increased productivity of industry which has taken place, the Report contains the pregnant remark: 'While it does not follow, and, indeed, is not the case in many instances, that greater effort is required of the worker, it is important to note that in practically every case earnings have been maintained or increased by an increase of productivity.' One of the most instructive passages of the report is that which explains the recent wage history of America. We are told that in the first place the policy favored and actually put into operation by employers for the purpose of recovering from the depression of trade in 1921 was a general reduction of wages. Wherever possible, however, this was resisted by organized labor, and with some success, notably in the mining, printing, and building trades. According to the Delegation, this resistance was sufficiently strong to enable other counsels to receive consideration, and to bring out the point that in the special economic position of the United States such a policy in industry would react seriously upon agriculture and upon manufacture for the domestic market. Sentiment was turned in favor of a policy of reducing costs other than by wage reductions, and the policy of high wages and high output gradually secured a hold on the American nation, both employers and workpeople alike. The Delegation, of course, does not attribute America's prosperity to this policy alone, for it is careful to emphasize the natural resources of the United States, its freedom from internal trade barriers, the importance of the installment-buying system, and the effect of

Prohibition. The Delegation also points out that prosperity is not universal; for example, the Northern textile industry is still in a very tight corner. Nevertheless, the main outlines of the picture are perfectly clear. They are rising prosperity for both the employer and the employed (including reduced hours of labor), based upon two main pillars of industrial policy — technical efficiency in production on a large scale, simplification of processes, the standardization of products, cheap power, and so on, on the one hand, and organized efforts for industrial peace and for securing the welfare and efficiency of the worker on the other.

The Delegation is very careful and objective in discussing the position of organized labor, but here also the facts are clear. Trade-unionism is less extensive in the United States than in Great Britain. The number of trade-unionists in the manufacturing, mining, and transport industries of the United States is about twenty-five per cent of the employees in these trades, compared with forty-four per cent in the same industries in Great Britain. The keynote of the work of the Industrial Conference of 1920 was that 'the right relationship between employer and employee can be best promoted by the deliberate organization of that relationship.' The Conference went on to say that organization should begin with the plant itself; it should aim at organizing unity of interest; it should provide for the joint action of managers and employees in dealing with the common interests; it should emphasize the responsibility of managers to know men at least as intimately as they know materials, and the right and duty of employees to have a knowledge of the industry, its processes, and its policy. 'Employees need to understand their relationship to the joint endeavor, so that they may once more take a crea-

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tive interest in their work.' This line of thought, which looks more to the factory than to a wider organization, is not conducive to the framing of universal wage standards or national collective bargains, such as obtain in Great Britain; and, indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of uniform wage rates throughout the continental territory of the United States. Moreover, in the years following the war events in Russia helped to create a hostile opinion against organized labor, and in many industries American employers have succeeded in resisting any attempt to make union membership compulsory. On the other hand, the American Federation of Labor in the main is based upon the principle of the craft union, and not on industrial unionism, which would undoubtedly, in the circumstances of America, be more successful in getting a hundred-per-cent control of particular industries. Its sentiment is, moreover, very different from that of British unionism. There are, for example, one or two striking instances, such as that in the clothing industry, where the union has entered into the technique of business and is in a position to advise employers on questions of efficiency. In short, there is no doubt that while employers, on the one hand, have learned to appreciate the doctrine of high wages and the importance of studying human relationships, workers, on the other hand, accept the proposition that their prosperity depends upon efficiency of production.

Organized labor have accepted what may be termed 'the machine age' as an inevita-

ble development of modern industry. They believe that management and labor are both dependent upon industry, and that both can make use of capital for their joint advantage. It is their avowed policy to coöperate with management to the best of their ability in increasing production by improved methods of manufacture, standardization, and the elimination of waste. They have abandoned the old standards of a 'living' or 'saving' wage, and hold that the value of compensation of a worker is a fair share of his increased production. They concern themselves with industrial questions only. Changes in production and the introduction of labor-aiding machinery are accepted as a matter of course. The organized labor movement attaches the utmost importance to the efficiency of management, and to the efficiency of the workman, so that he can develop the maximum of productivity without overworking or overexertion, and thus justify his high standard of living.

The report gives numerous illustrations of the way in which industrial peace is organized in the workshop and the part played by various schemes for enlisting the pecuniary interest of the worker in the business. The delegates are careful to add that they do not accuse American business men of doing these things from a double dose of 'natural virtue.' It is done because it pays and everyone is better off. It pays to break down the old tradition of secrecy and to exchange information with your competitor. It pays to have your workers contented and your customers pleased. It pays to promote according to merit and to develop teamwork. It pays to live and let live. In short, in America it pays to be good sports in business.

A LITTLE LESSON IN DIPLOMACY

APROPOS OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S NAVAL NOTE

BY GEORGES LECHARTIER

TRULY it was a curious project from whatever angle we view it, this American proposal for limiting naval armaments. If we take it, as our press did unanimously, at its face value, it indicates a degree of innocence in the head of the American Government that is almost disconcerting. If we prefer to interpret it as the 'Gallery of Murmurs' did at Washington, as chiefly for home consumption, we cannot repress a smile.

I shall touch only the high spots in this Memorandum. Mr. Coolidge asked the Governments at London, Paris, Rome, and Tokyo to give their delegates upon the Preparatory Commission for the Geneva Disarmament Congress full power to negotiate and conclude a prompt accord, or addendum to the Treaty of Washington, to limit still further naval armaments, and to extend the limitation to classes of vessels not covered by that treaty. To insure against any misunderstanding as to the kind of vessels he had in mind, the President took the pains to specify several times torpedo-boat destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines. The American Government declared itself willing to accept the same ratio of 5-5-3 for these vessels that was adopted for capital ships at the Washington Conference, as applying to the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, leaving the ratio of France and Italy to be decided

at Geneva after full consideration of the needs of those two countries.

At first blush America might seem to be entirely disinterested in making this proposal. The United States is so favored by its geographical isolation that it has nothing to fear from the lighter vessels mentioned in the Memorandum. None of them constitutes a serious threat to that country, which is practically immune to blockade and direct naval attack. At the present time no likelihood exists that hostile submarines could ever be employed effectively in American waters. On the other hand, America's own submarines, favored by her abundant harbors, especially on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, guarantee her against raids or blockade by the capital ships of a hostile country. Moreover, anyone who actually saw America's prodigious naval effort during the World War, who remembers how colossal shipyards sprang up overnight at Hog Island and elsewhere, who recalls that in one of these yards nearly thirty submarines, whose interchangeable parts were ranged along a quay, were assembled, launched, tested, and put in service within twenty-four hours, will never forget the spectacle. All the world knows that the United States could at any time rearm itself faster and better than any other country in the world. Its people have nothing to fear. . . .

On the other hand, the situation of

¹From *Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic semi-monthly), March 25

the Powers to whom this invitation was issued is entirely different. They are a prey to national fears, or perhaps national egoism. That was disclosed with increasing clearness as the proceedings at the Washington Conference went on. The history of that gathering has become the history of to-day.

When the French delegation boarded the Lafayette for New York, in November 1921, all of its members supposed they were going to witness, as impartial observers, a struggle between the United States and Great Britain for the supremacy of the sea. France had no navy worth speaking of, and no money to build one. The Cabinet, although it had been duly forewarned by its agents abroad, had paid no attention to the conversations and reciprocal visits of the American and British ambassadors during the preceding five months. Its members believed that they had no interest, near or remote, in what those gentlemen were discussing. So they placidly set out on their journey anticipating the comfortable, easy-chair job of arbitrating other people's differences.

Naturally, therefore, they were astounded by the Draconic programme, including a proposal to scrap a great number of capital ships and the famous 5-5-3 formula, which Mr. Hughes submitted at the opening of the Conference. They had no inkling of the true, tremendous situation, however, until four days later, when Lord Balfour, in the name of Great Britain, accepted this proposal not only without reserves but with professions of admiring approval, in a speech that will go down in history as a model of eloquence and a monument of supremely skillful diplomacy. Not until then did our delegates begin to see what England was really driving at. Having lost so many vessels during the war, and unable for financial rea-

sons to replace them immediately, she was only too ready to sign an agreement — which we did not know until later she herself had suggested — which would prevent any other country, for ten years to come, from building a navy formidable enough for her to fear. That accomplished, the Conference suddenly shifted front, and our delegates, to their amazement and horror, found themselves abruptly transferred from the high seat of judgment to the prisoner's box. When the debate upon the limitation of auxiliary naval tonnage was concluded — a debate conducted with exquisite skill and absolute bad faith by Lord Lee and the English delegation, and with equal clumsiness and ill-temper by our own — we were the criminals who stood indicted and condemned.

Great Britain, in fact, was the sole gainer by the Conference. She succeeded, on the one hand, in retaining only that part of Mr. Hughes's Draconic programme which consulted best her immediate and ultimate interests — a ten years' limitation of naval armaments, and the open door in China. At the same time she forced us to assume the odium for the real check that the United States received there, notwithstanding the accords and resolutions that saved the face of the monumental programme upon which Washington had staked its prestige. Last of all, after showing us up to the Americans, and to all the other delegations present, in the most unfavorable light possible, — as shysters, political pettifoggers, poor bargainers, clumsy diplomats, and, above all, pig-headed militarists, — she succeeded, by her excessive politeness to the Americans, her unvarying amiability, her perfect understanding of situations and people, her policy of apparently conceding everything and praising everybody, in completely supplanting us in the good-

will and esteem of our old associates and hereditary friends.

The situation resulting from President Coolidge's new proposal is not only strikingly like that of 1921, but it threatens precisely the same dangers and disadvantages to ourselves. Submarines, which are unquestionably the primary, and indeed the only, vessels which it is seriously designed to limit, are still our best instrument of defense. They are practically the only war vessels that our finances permit us to build. They alone assure us the protection indispensable for our lines of maritime communication and our colonies. On the other hand, England, mistress of the sea, powerful in her mighty capital ships, and cherishing a traditional preference for high-sea warfare, continues to profess in 1927 the same horror of the submarine that she showed in 1915 and 1921. It is a poor man's weapon, from which she nevertheless suffered cruelly during the war, and from which she has everything to fear in a new conflict. Since she cannot supply her essential needs at home, she depends on her Dominions and colonies for food and materials essential for war and industry, and naturally she is implacable toward any weapon that threatens her communications with them.

We might have done well to keep these considerations in view before drafting so hurriedly our answer to the American invitation. We should have pondered a bit upon the strange statements and the astonishing report made by the Anglophile American Ambassador at London, and his repeated trips to Washington. We might have drawn some parallel between this and the similar proceeding of another Anglophile ambassador, Mr. Harvey, while London and Washington were preparing for the first Disarmament Conference. Above all, we should have borne in mind a

statement made by Lord Curzon in 1921, which has been given so much clever publicity and has done so much to popularize England's case and harm our own: 'Whenever any practical project is put forward for a closer union of all the nations, one country invariably vetoes that great project — France.' Simple prudence should have cautioned us, at a time when such unhappy tension exists between ourselves and a country normally so friendly toward us, to avoid doing anything to confirm that charge. Our past experience should have made our line of conduct clear. We admit at once that our national interest compelled us eventually to reject what was proposed. But before rejecting it we should have avoided above all things either a precipitate response or an argument.

A precipitate response, when the answer is not a pleasant one, is invariably a diplomatic blunder, and it may be a dangerous one. The other party is still anxiously hopeful, still banking on success. Why not give him time to calm down? A refusal that would arouse violent resentment if received immediately may be accepted with equanimity a few weeks later. Since several countries were to answer the same invitation, elementary prudence bade us not be the first one to reject it.

Neither should we have tried to argue our case. You can prove anything by logic — which is equivalent to saying that you can prove nothing. In diplomacy reasoning is out of place. It is an attempt to put the other party in the wrong — something that cannot fail to arouse animosity. How much better, if one is bent upon keeping another country's friendship, to learn first its views, motives, policies, and real desires, in order to show these every possible consideration, even though one must go counter to that

country's will. Manners are everything in diplomacy.

Less haste would have enabled us to judge the situation better than we did. It was extremely improbable that President Coolidge, aware that opposition existed in his own country, would have issued his invitation without some prior understanding with a great European Power, which had nothing to lose in a game where American prestige and French reputation were the only things at stake, but had everything to gain by starting a discussion that might arouse moral resentment against the submarine, and which therefore could hardly fail to encourage with all its diplomatic art the President's project.

We witnessed the unfortunate effect produced at Washington by our long and ungracious reply, and the reaction it had upon the Secretary of State. We saw the joy with which the German press seized upon the situation, and the patronizing disapproval — worse for us than Germany's joy — that the British press bestowed upon us.

Very little has been said about the Italian reply to President Coolidge's invitation. Even less has been said of England's brief response, which came the last and was an acceptance of the proposal after the American overture was seen to be a failure. Japan's answer, however, was not delayed, and it merits all the consideration it has received — it is a diplomatic masterpiece.

Japan had no more reason to accept the American invitation than we had. She answered late, — next to the last, — and very briefly. This is substantially what she said.

After four paragraphs of praise and approbation, she declared that the Japanese Government had carefully

studied the President's Memorandum, and shared fully the views which it expressed. She welcomed cordially the initiative taken by the American Government, and would be very happy indeed to take part in the Conference proposed. Then followed one reservation, apparently of no consequence, which at first glance might have been taken for a mark of deference. It was to the effect that, in view of the great importance of the problems to be considered and settled, the Japanese Government felt it necessary to send additional experts from Tokyo to join its delegation. Since it would take some time for these gentlemen to reach Geneva, it would be a physical impossibility for them to participate in the discussions if the latter occurred during the meetings of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, scheduled to begin on the twenty-first of March. With the best grace in the world, therefore, Japan took refuge behind this 'physical impossibility.' Her Government also expressed its satisfaction at learning that Washington did not intend to suggest any scheme for rigorously restricting the amount of tonnage of vessels of classes not mentioned in the Washington Convention to be retained by the different Powers. Except for these two reservations, so deftly annulling its acceptance, Tokyo gave its cordial blessing to the project.

It would be hard to discover in the recent records of diplomacy a more happily conceived document, perfectly combining extreme courtesy with a subtly ironical refusal. We should have to go back to the archives of ancient diplomacy, more particularly those of Italy and possibly of the Vatican, to find an equally elegant and effective *non possumus*.

UNDER THE DARK MAN'S BURDEN

GLIMPSES OF RACIAL UNREST

I. A BLACK MAN'S PROTEST¹

[THE article that follows is the speech of a Negro delegate from Central Africa at the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities held at Brussels last February.]

LADIES and gentlemen, and beloved comrades! I bring you the fraternal greetings, the hearty good-will, and a cry for freedom, from the Defense Committee of the Negro Race.

What is that Committee? It represents a world-wide organization of young Negroes who are devoting their lives to emancipating their brethren. You know that the black race has been the most oppressed of all the peoples of the earth. Over its members the world's imperialists exercise the right of life and death. We are rallying our forces, nevertheless, to assert our equality with the races that pretend to be superior to us. We challenge that superiority.

Permit me to dwell a moment, by way of introduction, upon the word 'colonization.' What does it mean? It means usurping the right of a nation to direct its own destinies. Any nation that is deprived of that right is, in the strict meaning of the word, a colony. The whites have come to us colored people professing to bring us civilization. When the French came to my countrymen in Africa it was with this profession on their lips. But instead

¹ By Lamine Singhor, in *L'Indépendance Belge* (Brussels Liberal Progressive daily), March 24

of teaching us the French tongue, and giving us the education that they call 'la lumière universelle,' they said: 'Ah, no. We must n't educate the blacks.' This was because, if we were educated, they could not use us as they wished. That is the way French imperialists have civilized the Negroes. But let me make this point even more precise. I will quote to you some passages from a report made by a former colonial administrator of France and published in several newspapers of that country. It relates to typical colonial abuses.

'I accuse M. Hutin, who was at that time a colonel and is now a general and a commander of the Legion of Honor, of having ordered the looting of the trading station at Molenga and of having shared the loot.' A list of stolen articles follows — cases of jam for his personal use, pictures, cartridges, a shotgun, a Browning, high-priced cloth, and so on. The author of the report continues: 'I accuse the Assistant Chief of the post at Bania of having brought before him a chief of the Gana tribe, who refused to tell him where certain Mauser rifles, captured by his men from the German deserters, were hidden. He first caused the chief's hand to be crushed in an iron copying press. He then had him flogged with lashes containing bits of steel, and, after honey had been rubbed upon his wounds, exposed him in the sun to be stung by bees.'

Who is there that does not shudder with horror at the thought that Frenchmen in the twentieth century still com-

mit atrocities that would shame the worst barbarism of the Middle Ages? A recent decree of the Governor-General of French West Africa provides that the natives shall be compelled to labor upon works necessary for the public welfare whenever the Government so orders. Official regulations prescribe the conditions under which such labor shall be performed. Article 3 says: 'The working day shall be ten hours, plus two hours for rest.' Article 9 provides: 'The minimum daily pay of each worker shall be as follows: women and children, one and one-half francs; adults, two francs.' This labor is compulsory. The people are forced to toil ten hours a day under the burning sun of Africa for two francs. The women and children work the same number of hours as the men. Yet they tell us that slavery has been abolished, that the Negroes are free, that men are equal. People who say that are imbeciles.

It is true that you can no longer sell a Negro to a white man or a Chinaman, or even to another Negro. But it is a familiar sight to see one imperialist Power sell a whole Negro nation to another imperialist Power. What did France actually do with the Congo in 1912? She simply turned a great territory there over to Germany. Did she ask the people of the country if they wanted to belong to the Germans? Some French politicians write in their press that their West Indian Negroes are beginning to demand too many privileges, and that it would be better to sell them to America and get something out of them. It is a lie that slavery has been abolished. It has only been modernized.

You saw during the war how every Negro who could be caught was put into the army, to be taken away and killed. So many were forced to serve that the French governors in Africa began to

protest, fearing that the natives would rebel. But since cannon fodder must be had at any cost, France found a tractable Negro, heaped honors upon him, called him 'Commissioner-General representing the French Republic in Africa,' gave him an escort of French officers and of Negroes decked out in gorgeous uniforms, and sent him back to his native land. There he was received with the most exalted honors. French administrators and colonial governors greeted him, bands of music welcomed him, soldiers presented arms to him. So this Negro managed to get eighty thousand more men to add to the half-million already fighting in France.

My fellow countrymen were led off to slaughter during the first Morocco war. Later, during the World War, they were again forced to serve. Even to-day they are being killed in Morocco and in Syria. They have been sent to Madagascar. They have very recently been dispatched to Indo-China, because that country borders on China, and revolution is abroad across the border.

Ah, you Chinamen among my auditors here, I embrace you as comrades. You are setting a grand example of revolt for all the oppressed colonial peoples. I only hope that they will catch the inspiration from you.

French imperialists, I say, have sent Negro troops to Indo-China to shoot down the natives of that country in case they rebel against French oppression. They tell these troops that they are of a different race from the people whom they are ordered to kill, in case the latter venture to revolt against their so-called 'Mother Country.' Comrades, the Negro race has slept too long. But beware; they who have slept long and soundly, when they once awaken, will not fall asleep again.

Now let us see how this 'Mother

Country' rewards the services of the black soldiers who have been wounded in her defense, the men who have been crippled by the bullets of pretended enemies and can no longer labor to support themselves. They are treated very differently from the French wounded who fought shoulder to shoulder with them on the battlefield, and in defense, as we are told, of the same 'Mother Country.' I will cite to you only two examples. Here is a wounded French soldier, graded with ninety-per-cent disability — that is, in the second class. He has one child. The French Government grants him a pension of 6888 francs a year. Here, on the other hand, is a Negro soldier of the same class, married, the father of one child, wounded in the same way, wounded in the same army, also graded with ninety-per-cent disability. He receives 1620 francs. Then take a war cripple with one-hundred-per-cent disability. That is to say, he cannot move himself; he must be carried wherever he goes. If he is a white Frenchman he receives 15,390 francs a year; if he is a Negro he gets only 1800 francs.

Comrades, it is against such injustices, such atrocities as I have just described, that we have organized to defend ourselves. Our young Negroes now have their eyes open. We have been shown that, when we are needed to be slaughtered or to perform heavy labor, we are Frenchmen. But when it comes to giving us our rights, we are no longer Frenchmen — we are Negroes.

II. SOUTH AFRICA'S NEGRO UNIONISTS²

THE present position of the South African native is curiously anomalous. There is in certain influential quarters,

² By a Durban correspondent in the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), March 19

including the present Government, a strong current of opinion in favor of segregation, of setting aside reserves in which the native shall have the chance to develop on his own lines, while in the remaining area, which is ten times as large for a population one third as great, the Europeans will follow in the footsteps of Australia and New Zealand and establish a 'white South Africa.' Everyone who honestly faces the situation knows that this policy is impossible, that the native is now so interwoven into the economic fabric of South Africa that he cannot be withdrawn from it. Even those who prate most eagerly of segregation would feel the most acute indignation if they found themselves expected to carry their own tools or do their own housework. Indeed, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the segregation policy is supported by many because it is really a policy for the maintenance of the reserves as reservoirs of cheap unskilled labor, partly supported by subsistence agriculture. Meanwhile the native is, as a matter of fact, — despite the imposition in some trades of a color bar, — continually and increasingly passing into employment, intermittent or permanent, as a wage laborer.

In all South African towns, then, there is always a large body of natives at work as domestic servants and unskilled laborers, and to a small extent in more advanced occupations. These are in Natal and the Transvaal mostly males, whose families remain behind in the reserves. Their discipline and welfare is watched over by Native Affairs Departments, national and municipal. It is only fair to state — indeed to emphasize — that these organizations have done admirable work. In Durban, for instance, the Native Affairs Department, supported by the sale of Kafir beer, — a mild intoxicant whose monopoly is in the hands of the municipal-

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ity, — regulates the admission of natives to employment in the town, provides barracks for those whose masters do not house them, runs native restaurants and a native school and a native women's hostel, provides for the forwarding of money to wives left in the reserves, and acts in many ways as a welfare organization for natives at work in the borough. It is, of course, administered entirely by white officials, who have been accustomed to dealing mainly with docile individuals, still subject to tribal law and bewildered by town conditions; they tend, therefore, naturally, to adopt a paternal and patronizing attitude and to resent any criticism from natives as insubordination.

But among the wage-earning natives a new organization has in recent years appeared, modeled on British trade-unions, which is demanding the right to be consulted on native conditions. This is the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union, whose secretary, Clements Kadalie, has already made a mark in South Africa. The Workers' Union, in its evidence before the Wages and Economic Commission in 1925, claimed to have a membership of thirty thousand, which, if correct, would make it the largest trade-union in South Africa. It is probable that, if there were a strict count of permanent paying members alone, these figures would have to be reduced, but it is not doubted that the Workers' Union now has branches in most South African towns, that it maintains clubhouses in Durban and Johannesburg, and that it certainly represents, as no other organization can claim to do, the standpoint of the native in white employment.

Naturally the various South African institutions concerned with native administration have thrown every obstacle possible in the way of this new body. The missionaries are hostile,

partly because their one-sided and old-fashioned economic prejudices lead them to regard all trade-unionism as evil, partly because the Workers' Union meetings interfere with attendance at their religious services. Registration as a trade-union has been refused. Mr. Kadalie recently was denied the pass necessary to allow him to travel from Johannesburg to Durban on the affairs of the Union, and was arrested when he took the journey without the pass. When the case was brought before the courts he was convicted, but on appeal was acquitted. The municipal administrators refuse to meet the Workers' Union officials for the discussion of grievances, and private employers naturally follow suit. Nevertheless the Union has achieved a considerable amount of success. It is at present fighting legal cases on behalf of natives, wherever possible, and has obtained judgments showing that the Native Affairs Departments have been acting *ultra vires*. It is compelling employers to give the legal month's warning of dismissal instead of turning native workmen adrift at a moment's notice. It runs a newspaper in English and Zulu, and, as mentioned above, is providing native clubhouses in several towns. The Natal secretary, Mr. Alison Champion, recently applied to the Durban Municipal Library for permission to borrow books. He was refused, and steps are now being taken, in coöperation with certain well-wishers in England, to provide libraries in the clubhouses.

When the organization first began to make itself felt, the usual stories that it was incited by Bolsheviki were circulated, and it has been frequently denounced by newspaper correspondents as a seditious organization and its suppression demanded. It must be admitted that occasional fiery articles and speeches gave some ground for these

apprehensions. The responsible leaders, however, have recently made the position of the organization perfectly clear. A conference held shortly before Christmas decided that members of Communist organizations are no longer to be eligible for membership in the Workers' Union, and that the latter was determined to adhere to constitutional lines of agitation and protest. At the same time the society applied for affiliation to the Amsterdam Trade-Union Federation, and in this connection a decidedly amusing situation has arisen. The now practically defunct South African Federation of Trades-Unions was formerly affiliated to Amsterdam, but for some years no subscriptions had been paid. The international body therefore accepted the Workers' Union in its place, with the proviso that it must be willing to allow any white trade-union which may in future desire to establish relations with Amsterdam to be affiliated to it. Needless to say, the mere idea of white trade-unions being represented by a native organization appears to South Africa a farcical outrage. The Workers' Union has also sent forward to the South African Government the name of Mr. Kadalie as a delegate to the next International Labor Conference at Geneva, and intends, it is understood, to press for the sending of a native delegate to the next Commonwealth Labor Conference.

In short, the Workers' Union is a remarkable organization. With every temptation to ignorant and violent agitation, and in the face of foolish and reactionary attempts to impede native workers in their right of association for self-protection, its leaders are taking up a most statesmanlike attitude, avoiding the snares of both Bolshevism and Garveyism (that is, the policy of South Africa for the black races). They are firm and unhesitant in their demand for

dignified and honorable coöperation with the employing class and with the white races. But they preach neither a class war nor a race war. They are, in fact, far more statesmanlike and moderate than the white South Africans who have to deal with them. Is it too much to hope that white South Africa will realize in time that to continue to ignore a body whose leaders are capable of far-sighted and controlled efforts toward racial harmony and coöperation is merely to throw away a great opportunity of reasonable, constitutional development and inevitably to drive the natives into other and less desirable forms of agitation, which will imperil white civilization in South Africa far more certainly than a native trade-union movement?

III. A CARAVAN OF SORROW³

DAY by day the procession of laborers emigrating to the United States grows larger. It is draining the Republic of its best blood. It has been doing this for years, but never so disastrously for the nation as to-day.

Figures talk, and no figures could be more appalling than those which record this movement. Every day trains leave for the neighboring republic, crowded with workers seeking employment on the ranches of Texas and California, and on the railways of the great West. It is not rare — indeed, it is a very ordinary thing — for a single train to arrive at Ciudad Juarez bringing five hundred men in quest of work across the border.

These people suffered hardships enough in the old days when they were welcomed by our neighbors. Now that the formalities attending their admission to the United States have multiplied and employment is not as readily

³ An editorial in *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), March 29

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found as it was during the war, their situation is most lamentable. They congregate in the border towns, famished and desperate, waiting for an opportunity to cross the international boundary; and even after they reach the other side, they find their golden dreams speedily dimmed.

The Chamber of Commerce of Ciudad Juarez has recommended two measures for bettering the situation. Both of them are well-meaning, but equally inefficacious. The first is to have our own Federal Government restrict emigration to the United States. The second is to conduct an educational campaign, through the Chambers of Commerce, throughout Mexico in order to persuade our people to remain at home. Both plans are sure to fail, because neither will have much weight with a man with an empty stomach. You cannot forbid people to emigrate when they are starving at home. These peones do not leave their native farms and villages merely to see new lands, merely in search of adventure. They go because they must. They emigrate because Mexico has no work for them. All that our Chambers of Commerce could do, therefore, would be to tell them in substance: 'You are idle and starving. Go on starving.' A law limiting emigration would be tantamount to saying to them: 'We can allow only a very few of you to save yourselves from starvation. Except for that privileged minority, the rest of you must stay at home with nothing to do and nothing to eat.' Does that seem practical?

Some of our emigrants run a real risk of starving even before they cross the Rio Grande, or at least before they are able to earn any money. But when they start out they are buoyed up by hope. That gives them strength and courage to make the venture.

No people, perhaps, are more at-

tached to the place of their birth than the Mexicans. No race is naturally less inclined to migrate to distant lands. These unhappy exiles go against their will. They are driven abroad by the imperative quest of food. A large proportion of them are from Jalisco, Michoacán, and Guanajuato, the states that formerly were the most prosperous agriculturally of Mexico. They are people who rank in character, industry, and intelligence above the average of our population.

This dreadful drain upon our country is the corollary of the misery and desolation and retrogression we now witness in what used to be the most flourishing sections of the Republic. Agriculture, from which they drew their former wealth, has been paralyzed by a blind and barbarous agrarian policy, which has wrought general ruin during the last few years by destroying property, annihilating the means of production, creating universal distrust, and killing the spirit of private enterprise. Before the Revolution, when the population, as our census statistics show, was larger than it is to-day, and when the standard of living of our country laborers was at least as high as it is at present, our people were not leaving the country en masse as they are this year.

Our agrarian reformers promised the peasant a paradise. They serenaded him with siren songs about his redemption, his uplifting, his physical and moral regeneration. Yet what do they see of this paradise? How far have these songs proved true? The peon, as he expresses it in his blunt language, *larga la tierra*. He abandons regions that were fruitful and happy, where his ancestors have lived for untold generations. He goes forth to earn his daily bread in an alien land, in a land so different in its manners and customs from his own that he will always

remain an unwelcome stranger there.

Let us keep these honest people at home if we can. They are the pick of our nation. Let us stop this outflow of our best rural blood from what formerly was the granary of the Republic. But there is only one way to do this. It is to encourage social conditions propitious to labor and a normal, industrial life, to cease ranting sonorous but empty words about things that exist only in the vision of doctrinaires, and to get down to humble facts.

IV. CHINESE LABOR SONGS⁴

I

My big sister weaves cloth,
My big brother sells cloth,
Sells cloth and buys rice
To fill our empty stomachs.

My big sister weaves cloth,
My big brother sells cloth,
My little brother wears ragged clothes —
No cloth to patch them.

My big sister weaves cloth,
My big brother sells cloth.
Who buys cloth?
Yonder rich man.

Homespun cloth is coarse,
Foreign cloth is fine;
Foreign cloth is cheap;
The rich man likes it.
No one wants homespun cloth.
My brother and sister die of hunger.

II

You plant rice,
I weave cloth,

⁴From the *Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), March 24

He makes tile.
Hang-ho! Hang-ho! Hang-ho!
Hang-ho!
Eight hours' work,
Eight hours' rest,
Eight hours' study.
All who toil and labor
Want to live like men!

Learn to read.
Read books.
The workingman is no fool.
Read and learn!
Learn and read!

Eight hours' study,
Eight hours' rest,
Eight hours' work.
All who toil and labor
Want to think like men.

III

Speed up, speed up, worker!
From early morn till late at night.
Fourteen hours! Fifteen hours!
Speed up, speed up!
Speed up till you're too old to stand!
Speed up till you die.

Speed up, speed up!
Cast away your chains, workers!
Smash the capitalist!
What is civilization?
Stamp it to dust!

Abolish the rich!
Who then is a pauper?
Abolish private wealth!
Let all be in common!
Be brave, be strong,
Be red-blooded men!
Speed up! Speed up!

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THE VATICAN AND THE ROYALISTS¹

BY ERNEST DIMNET

It is not easy to sum up in a few hundred words the complicated story of the Royalist *Action Française*, its Catholic ramifications, and its recent condemnation. But the press is more and more attentive to these happenings, and it is impossible not to notice the ratification by the one hundred and four French archbishops and bishops of the censure issued in December by the Holy Office.

Shortly before the war the French Royalist Party, which had long seemed fossilized, was rejuvenated by young writers with evidently a future before them; and, above all, these writers, unlike the historic champions of the monarchy, were avowed unbelievers. One of them, M. Charles Maurras, a man of vast intellectual powers, soon became a leader of French thought.

The accession of this group to the Royalist Party was the result of a purely intellectual evolution created by the Dreyfus affair. From the Nationalist standpoint the notorious *affaire* was nothing less than the triumph of aliens over French-born citizens on the one hand, and of individual interests over the welfare of the community on the other. Such an absurdity could only be averted, in the future, by a doctrine placing the nation before any individuals. But where was such a doctrine to be found? Only in a political system that had already given proofs of its capacity for guaranteeing national integrity through many generations.

¹ From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly), March 19

Only one answered to this description—a monarchy.

The accession of these pure *intellectuels* to a traditionalist party was sure to create surprise. It gradually did more: it caused scandal. A controversy between the *Gaulois*, at the time the official organ of the Royalists, and the *Action Française*, edited by Vaugois and Maurras, culminated in a disavowal of the newcomers by the then Pretender, the Duc d'Orléans himself.

By that time, however, the *Action Française* had acquired a popularity which no political organization could afford to disregard. In less than a year the Duke had to reconsider his decision, and with spectacular rapidity the *Action Française* became what the *Gaulois* had been, namely, the official mouthpiece of the Monarchists, but with an influence over the whole press which the older newspaper had never commanded. Almost simultaneously the *Action Française* assumed, not only a Catholic, but an ultraorthodox tone, and showed a distinct tendency to bully writers into conformity. M. Maurras remained an unbeliever, and even an atheist, but he published expurgated editions of his early works and took advantage of the education he had received in a Catholic school to adopt a faultless ultramontane attitude, preserved during many years, and only interrupted a few months ago. Indeed, many episcopal *semaines religieuses* would quote the *Action Française* as, forty years ago, they used to quote the *Univers* and Louis Veuillot.

This accounts for the astonishment caused last September by the totally unexpected condemnation of the *Action Française* by Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux, and the almost immediate ratification of the same by Rome. On December 20 the Pope himself, addressing the *Consistorio Segreto*, described Maurras and his 'School' as dangerous to the young. He evidently regarded their disappearance as a condition *sine qua non* of the unification of Catholic forces in France. On December 29 a decree from the Holy Office, couched in exceptionally considerate terms, placed the books of M. Maurras on the Index. The *assessore*, Monsignor Canali, went out of his way to explain — a very unusual procedure — that, as early as January 1914, Pope Pius X had envisaged M. Maurras's condemnation, 'but the censure had been staved off by powerful influences.'

The *Action Française* published this condemnation, admitted that the works of Maurras might be placed on the Index, but seemed to think that what was required of its leaders was political suicide, and it refused to commit harakiri. As usual, the editorial staff explained what was happening by political motives. The Vatican, in this instance, they say, was the ally and perhaps the instrument of an excommunicate, M. Briand. Now the *Action Française* frequently repeats in its characteristic way that M. Briand is nothing but a German agent who ought to be court-martialed and shot. Why does the Vatican protect him, they ask, to the extent of letting the Paris Nuncio, Monsignor Maglione, publicly praise him before the whole Diplomatic Corps and the French Cabinet? Simply because the present Secretary of State,

Cardinal Gasparri, is convinced that an alliance of Rome, and ultimately of the Catholic parties in all countries, with the German *Centrum* is a necessity. The pro-Germanism of this prelate, his collusion with the French pacifists and the Alsatian autonomists, are regarded by the *Action Française* as well-established facts. This being the case, M. Maurras and M. Daudet would think themselves traitors if they should desert their post in such an emergency. Their attitude is summed up in the old sentence: 'We obey the Pope in all matters spiritual, but he should not interfere in matters political.' The Duc de Guise, the new Pretender, uses almost the same language. The consequence is that, although the daily *Action Française* is on the Index, its circulation is virtually the same as ever, — about ninety thousand, — but its readers, mostly Catholics, feel that they can only be loyal to their King by being disloyal to the Pope, a situation fraught with danger. The recent condemnation of the *Action Française* by the French hierarchy seems to have had little effect. The *Action Française* published the collective condemnation, but appended to it a confidential document, obtained by more or less 'Catholic means,' proving, it said, that the action of the bishops had been so influenced by Rome as to be of no significance.

What is likely to happen? A recantation by M. Maurras is improbable; the individual submission of his Royalist followers cannot but be an exceedingly slow process. I am surprised to find that no Catholic writer has, as yet, suggested that direct negotiations between the Pope and the Duc de Guise is the only way out of a hopeless situation.

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AMONG FRENCH COMMUNISTS¹

BY C. BENEDEK

'WHEN you're on the street you're at home,' sang the late lamented Aristide Bruant, the greatest cabaret entertainer of Paris, last year. And indeed the street is the Frenchman's club, both social and political. Every new cult or platform advertises its début to the public in posters, which always have a circle of attentive readers. Thus it was that I discovered not long ago that the friends of the Canton Government in Paris planned to hold a meeting to protest against the British invasion of China. A well-known university professor and publicist, Bayet, signed the call and was to preside at the gathering.

I made it my business to be present. Bayet himself was the first speaker. He laid great stress upon China's right to self-determination, and tried to impress on his hearers that the Canton Government had no idea of Bolshevizing the old Celestial Empire. After him came several unannounced orators, who took the opportunity to glorify the wonders of the Soviet paradise, and predicted that the Chinese people would eventually enjoy the incomparable benefits of collective production under Communism. Poor Bayet rang his chairman's bell in vain, and the meeting finally broke up in great confusion. Evidently comrades from Moscow had taken advantage of the good intentions of these somewhat unworldly radical pacifists to have a little propaganda meeting of their own at the latter's expense — natural-

ly to the great distress of the estimable professor.

This incident is an excellent example of the tactics usually followed by French Communists. They lack courage, as a rule, to organize meetings of their own in a country where the middle classes take a passionate interest in politics and are perfectly aware of their own power. They have, to be sure, moments when they go wild with great expectations. It was one of them when the Communist deputy, Doriot, shouted in the Chamber, upon the announcement that Soviet Russia had been officially recognized by the French Republic: 'The Revolution is now in our own midst. Comrades, the hour has struck for a true revolution in France, like that which has made Russia's fame immortal. But you must carve your way to it through rivers of blood.'

The Party might seem strong enough to talk blood and violence. It has twenty-seven members in the Chamber, who form a united group and receive new recruits with each by-election. Industrial suburbs, where practically every ballot is cast for a Communist candidate, surround Paris with a famous *ceinture rouge*, or 'Red belt.' *Humanité*, once Jaurès's famous organ of combat, has now become the Party journal of the Bolsheviks, and has a circulation of two hundred thousand. The Communist Trade-Union League rivals in numbers and influence the old General Confederation of Labor. But this is only window dressing. The Party really owes its strength to the

¹ From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Liberal daily), March 13

innate insurgency of the Frenchman, who is temperamentally fond of extremist theories. But were it ever to come to the point of doing something, these sturdy balloters for Red deputies and zealous readers of the Party journal would soon show themselves ordinary, grumbling, middle-class citizens whose life interests are inseparably associated with the present system of government and capitalist organization of society. In such an event they would promptly desert Moscow's salaried propagandists—the *Moscouitaires*—and leave them generals without an army on the battlefield. But French Communists know this at the bottom of their hearts, and are therefore extremely careful not to bring things to a crisis.

Consequently, the 'French Section of the Communist International' is not in fact an independent political party, but merely a little group of the Soviet Government's hired agitators with a long procession of sight-seers tagging behind them. The Party management exercises practically no real authority. I know from reliable sources that its members' contributions last year totaled less than three hundred thousand francs, or in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars, while the strictly legitimate expenses of the Party for posters, propaganda, salaries, and office expenses exceeded six million francs. That money is not handled by the Party Executive, but by *sub rosa*, anonymous foreign comrades—that is, by Moscow's trusted emissaries. Naturally, therefore, these men have the say. But they in turn are absolutely at the beck and call of Moscow, which can drop them from its pay roll the moment they disregard its bidding or become suspect in its eyes. That explains why some of the Party's most prominent leaders suddenly vanish and leave no trace.

So the French Section of the Communist International is merely Moscow's passive tool, helpless to start any real trouble, but able by means of its remarkably efficient cell organization to stage at will impressive demonstrations. Every cell contains a 'Moscow eye'—that is, a comrade unknown to his fellows and not infrequently watched by another eye unknown to himself. These cells are organized by industries, and are especially strong in public-service undertakings. Such a political machine makes it possible to mobilize the members almost instantly, but it has the disadvantage of all mechanisms, that it destroys personal initiative and drives every man of honest convictions and independent mind out of the Party. That explains the dead level of its membership. It can boast no able and distinguished leaders.

Marcel Cachin, the Party Secretary, who most nearly deserves this designation, is a veteran Socialist war horse from the glorious era of Jaurès. He is, however, anything but a revolutionist by nature. His noble, melancholy Breton head, with its thick military moustache, has been familiar at every important Socialist gathering for a quarter of a century. Many regard him as the real Antichrist, the born enemy of the fatherland and the army. I know better. I have known him since before the war as a dreamer and a mystic and, like most Celts, a man of very moderate temperament. I should not accuse him of lacking patriotism. Poincaré once described to me the enthusiastic Cachin who watched the first sky-blue French soldiers march into 'liberated Strasbourg' with tears of joy flowing down his cheeks. Henry de Jouvenel describes with masterly mimicry how Marcel Cachin, who followed every movement of the French army with the deepest interest, was once presented to

King Victor Emmanuel on the Italian front. The monarch was deeply interested in the Socialist deputy, kept him for lunch, and discussed with him at great length ways for cultivating friendship between Italy and France.

It is a mystery to me, therefore, how this quiet man, who can become absorbed in drawing clever caricatures during the wildest scenes in the Chamber, has become the official leader of professional revolutionists. He certainly does not seem to feel at home either in Parliament or in the meetings of his Party. His care-furrowed brow and restless eyes invariably suggest that he is uncomfortable. Whenever the grizzly old leader ascends the tribune the crowd shouts '*Vive Cachin!*' but he merely responds to its applause with a cynical smile, and begins at once to speak. He is an extraordinarily able debater, whose argument is as clear and lucid as crystal; but his metallic voice lacks melody and modulation. He is a cold-blooded agitator, untouched by the exultant fire of the apostle or the holy joy of faith. The moment he resumes his seat in the Chamber his harsh features recover their wonted sullen expression — the expression of a man even more dissatisfied with himself than with his neighbors.

Doriot, the head of the young Communist group, is of an entirely different type. In contrast with Cachin the Breton, he incarnates the bright, volatile, high-spirited South. His youthful but coarse and rather commonplace features reveal self-confidence and strength of will. He is a young Marseillais Hun, a laboring man whose whole being exhales enthusiastic confidence and exuberant spirits. On the tribune he likes to shake his great mane of black hair and wave his coarse, muscular, laborer's hands in the air. At such times his boyish face and big tortoise-

shell spectacles make him look like an overgrown schoolboy. He never suffers from stage fright, likes to hear himself talk, and always speaks at the top of his voice, with an abundance of vigorous gestures.

These two men are the stars of the Communist Party, who occupy the front of the stage at the joint mass meetings of people of different political faiths so popular in France. Edouard Herriot, the former Premier, whose opponents accuse him of being overkindly to the Communists, thus describes the usual course of their proceedings: 'These meetings are all alike. Since the Communists try to get possession of the platform the moment the hall is open, they always begin with a general fight, where you have to look sharp to see that some of the decorations do not hit you on the head. Fifty husky comrades are cleverly stationed at different points in the audience, with orders to strike up the International at a given signal. The speakers get themselves up like actors. One of their most common devices is to wear colored glasses. A row of ancient Furies occupies the front seats, with a "Red Jeanne d'Arc" or two in its midst. They are cinema revolutionists whose grotesque and farcical demonstrations provoke laughter. They are invariably thrown into a tremendous panic the moment an Anarchist appears upon the scene. One of the most reassuring things in France is that the working people see through the whole comedy and laugh at the show.'

Communist secret meetings are by no means so theatrical. They are generally held in a modest pub not far from the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul. On the door is a flaming poster advertising a popular brand of spirits. From the tiny, poorly lighted room a narrow winding stairway leads to a still smaller chamber on the floor above.

Comrades of the 'Political Bureau' meet here for consultation twice a week. Doriot sometimes presides, or more frequently his friend 'Marius,' a man who is seldom seen in public. Whenever a secret emissary arrives in Paris from Moscow, the whole Party Executive assembles. Not long ago I even saw a member of the fashionable Soviet Embassy of the Rue de Grenelle slink through the saloon's dirty doorway. The place is an asylum for comrades wanted by the police, who have been expelled from the country but have managed to smuggle themselves back on some political mission. During the war in Morocco negotiations were conducted here with emissaries of the Rif Kabyles. Berlin comrades are almost daily visitors, and the Soviet Embassy in that city seems to keep in close touch with the Paris group. The best-known local wirepullers are Comrades Braun, Mello, and Jean Born.

The Rif Kabyles are by no means the only people to whom Soviet Russia has given practical aid. In fact, the Moscow International extends its loving care to almost every colonial nation. Ernest Outrey, the deputy from Coch

China, said to me one day: 'Evidences of the pernicious activity of the Third International are unmistakably present in all our Far Eastern colonies. I have called the attention of Parliament to it time and again, and have positive proof that French Communists are trying to excite revolts in Indo-China, and are doing everything in their power to arouse the Anamites against us.'

One of the most striking incidents in the history of Soviet intrigue in France is the little-known fact that in 1924, when the French Communist Party hoped for an open revolt at home, it entered into negotiations with the most reactionary political group in the country, the so-called Fascisti, with a view to joint action. On the third of December, 1924, a meeting was held at the residence of the Fascist leader, Georges Valois, in the Place de Panthéon, at which Comrade Delagrangé represented the Communists. These attempts to get together proved fruitless, however, and were soon discontinued. Nevertheless, they illustrate strikingly the way all of these opponents of democracy and exponents of violence travel together.

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¹ From the daily

BEETHOVEN, SON OF THE REVOLUTION¹

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

[In this centennial year of Beethoven's death the European press has been filled with reminiscences of the great composer, and his memory has been commemorated by meetings and other ceremonies in almost every cultural centre of the Continent and Great Britain.]

BEETHOVEN was a son of the French Revolution. He was nineteen years old when the Bastille fell. On the day when the news of that event reached Bonn, where he was pursuing his studies, the famous Eulogius Schneider, who later, under the Reign of Terror, was to serve as Public Prosecutor in the department of the Lower Rhine, recited from his desk, amid the frantic applause of his students, a fiery poem celebrating the overthrow of despotism. In the following year, 1790, young Beethoven publicly subscribed for a collection of that professor's revolutionary poems, in which Schneider denounced the old régime and chanted the praise of dawning democracy.

We all know that Beethoven was an enthusiastic admirer of Bonaparte when the latter was First Consul, because he imagined that the young Corsican rebel incarnated liberty. His 'Eroica' was at first intended to glorify Napoleon. Very characteristically, Beethoven borrowed for its finale the leading motif of his 'Prometheus'—Prometheus the victor, the generous hero who voluntarily

sacrifices himself in order to bring fire from heaven down to man. But when he learned that Bonaparte had crowned himself Emperor, he angrily removed his name from the dedication.

Napoleon's invasion of German territories and occupation of Vienna deepened Beethoven's hatred for the betrayer of freedom, and he was a passionate champion of the German national revival of 1813 to 1815. But he soon discovered that Waterloo, instead of bringing his countrymen liberty, had riveted heavier chains upon them than they had borne before. After 1815 the Holy Alliance and the Church held Europe in stern vassalage and stifled every whisper of liberty. The police did not hesitate to keep a strict watch over Beethoven's rebellious utterances.

Those protests were remarkably bold. We can judge them from his *Conversational Notes*, the first half-volume of which was published two years ago. Readers will recall that after 1818 Beethoven's deafness forced him to keep notebooks, in which his visitors wrote their messages to him, and he often recorded his answers to them. The selections just published cover the years 1819 and 1820, and include conversations with numerous Vienna friends eminent in music, literature, law, and scholarship. These gentlemen were entirely of a mind in regard to the aristocrats, whom they considered shallow and incompetent, and sure to be overthrown. Their opinion of the reactionary churchmen

¹ From *Vorwärts* (Berlin Conservative-Socialist daily), March 26

was equally low. Yet even as early as 1819 Beethoven and his circle began to see that money was really the new ruler of Europe and the world.

'The big bankers have all the cabinet ministers of Europe in their pockets, and can embarrass and upset governments whenever they will. No important political action can be taken any longer without them. . . . European politics have reached a pass where nothing can be done without the consent of money and the bankers. . . . The aristocracy now ruling us have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Deprive them of money, and they are lost.'

These freethinking Austrians ultimately came to regret the overthrow of Napoleon, whom they had hated so bitterly. 'We are in a miserable situation. Things were much better before 1813. The aristocracy has been set up in business again by Austria, and the spirit of republicanism is a dying ember in the ashes. If Napoleon were to come back he would get a much better reception in Europe. He appreciated the spirit of the times and knew how to cater to it. Our children will pass a better judgment upon him. I, as a German, was his bitter enemy, but our present experiences reconcile me to him. Promises, honor, and integrity have vanished. His word was far more to be relied on. He hated obscurantism and darkness. He ought to have appreciated the Germans better and to have respected their rights. During the latter part of his life he was surrounded by traitors, and his good genius left him. The children of the Revolution and the spirit of the age required a man of his iron determination. He certainly overthrew the feudal system, and was a defender of law and justice.'

These men all looked forward, however, to a republic. They foresaw

democratic institutions covering all Europe. 'In fifty years we shall have nothing but republics.' The parliamentary system still seemed in their eyes impeccable and perfect. 'You cannot trifle with deputies. They represent the native vigor and intelligence of the people.'

Beethoven's ideal was the British Parliament. He read Hansard avidly, as Schindler tells us, and was intensely eager to visit London and to see the House of Commons in session. Cipriani Potter, who visited him in 1817, tells us how he heaped every abusive epithet he could think of upon the Austrian Government. Such denunciations attracted the attention of the police, and he was reported to the authorities more than once for his alleged seditious utterances. In the *Conversational Notes* for 1820 Czerny tells us that Abbé Jelinek formally accused Beethoven of having insulted the Emperor, the Archduke, and the ministers. He declared that Beethoven was a second Sand, — Kolzebeue's assassin, — and that he would end on the gallows. In fact, Beethoven was repeatedly the subject of secret-police reports, and in 1820 Count Sedlnitzky, the universally feared Minister of Police, talked over his case seriously with the Emperor.

Beethoven unquestionably owed the fact that he was spared to his world-wide fame, just as did Count Tolstoi eighty years later. His arrest would have attracted too much attention. But he also owed his immunity in no slight degree to the devoted friendship of his pupil, Archduke Rudolf, Cardinal Archbishop of Olmütz. His reputation as an eccentric, not to say a fool, did the rest. Word was passed around to treat his extravagant talk as the irresponsible chatter of an unhinged genius.

So Beethoven was left alone. Even in 1827, the year of his death, according to Dr. Müller, he openly denounced

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in general conversation the Government, the police, and the aristocracy. Yet no one ventured to interfere with this 'utterly irrepressible person,' as Goethe designated him in 1812, with more admiration than sympathy. Goethe loved order. Beethoven loved freedom. That was his first love and his last. Up to the very end he remained

true to his life motto, which he wrote in the album of a friend in 1797 when a young man:—

*Freiheit über alles lieben;
Wahrheit nie, auch sogar am Throne nicht verleugnen.*

(Love freedom above all else;
Never deny the truth, not even on the Throne.)

BEETHOVEN IN RETROSPECT¹

BY ANDRÉ SUARÈS

SHORT and sturdy, active and plump, testy and affable, retiring and rude—these are the contradictory aspects of the dwarflike little man who trips down the street without seeing anything, for either he holds his head so high in the air that he seems to be taking astronomical observations, or he buries his chin in his breast as if weighed down with the whole burden of the universe. He is scarcely taller than a twelve-year-old boy, square-shouldered, broad-chested, short-legged, with a thick neck, big hands, and clumsy limbs. Physically he is a clashing discord—even his head. His forehead is broad and bulging above his bushy eyebrows. A potato nose separates his heavy cheeks, above a powerful chin resembling a peasant's sabot chiseled from hard wood. A few white threads lose themselves in the dark jungle of hair that rises thick and rebellious above his head. He is unshaven, and a reddish flush of beard accentuates the yellow of his heavy, sallow features. His sturdy, big-boned physique, however, is muscular rather than fat. His countenance has the restless fixity of a deaf

man's, the wearied attentiveness of those doomed to eternal silence. When it emerges from its passive repose, painful twitchings flit across it, suggesting the fire of passion, the force of love and anger, and the masterful vigor of an overflowing will, ever ready to burst forth in thundering protest or command. Everything is exaggerated in this fathomless face—repose, determination, tenderness, bitterness. It has neither tact nor measure; it has only rugged strength.

This man distrusts his best friends; he reviles them and repels them, only to call them back to him with sobs, to reproach himself with tears for misjudging them. He is full of contempt for himself. In the end you ask yourself doubtfully whether he is just or unjust, whether he ever truly loved a fellow human. Mutual tolerance is the prerequisite of true friendship. Yet if the slightest suspicion, if the most innocent action, wounds this man's pride, he falls into an ecstasy of rage and bitterness, and insults and abuses those to whom he is the most attached. But when he heaps himself with self-accusations afterward, it is still his pride that moves him. His is the worst kind of

¹ From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), March 27

arrogance — the reckless, insatiable arrogance that recognizes no bounds of decency or convention. The man of the masses constantly asserts himself in Beethoven. He sleeps with only one eye under the satin canopy of the aristocratic society which fawns upon his genius, half lulled by the courtesy of the salon. At any moment in his intercourse with the wealthy and with the high nobility, his temper is likely to break forth and he will storm about like a peasant. For after all, there is much of the peasant in his touchy self-assertiveness, in his blunt outbursts of frankness, in his rough readiness to volunteer his opinion on all occasions. The peasant does not betray himself merely by his ignorance of good manners and his dirty boots.

Few men, therefore, have been more unjust than Beethoven, despite his ardent love of justice — perhaps because justice is the opposite of passion. For Beethoven was violent in everything he did, even when he washed himself in the morning, splashing water in cascades all over the room. He lavished his whole energy upon every little action. The most insignificant domestic incident became a drama. His great soul had no ordinary experiences. Every trifling moment was a crisis. He learned to master himself only in his art. Beauty soothed him. Nothing, therefore, is so marvelous in Beethoven as the self-control, the perfect command over his passions, which characterizes the glorious adagios of his last years and his quartettes.

Upon the streets Beethoven was a circus. He wore his beaver hat, brushed all the wrong way, thrust back upon his neck. He would talk aloud to himself, gesticulating wildly as he rushed along, then come to a sudden halt, stand wrapped in reverie for a moment, and, pulling out a memorandum book, jot

down a bar of music. People pointed him out to each other. He generally was oblivious of the fact, but if he chanced to notice it he fell into a fury and rushed back to his miserably furnished, and worse kept, lodgings. Here he would hurl his hat into a corner, pull on a tattered dressing gown with the wadding hanging out the holes, and change his shoes for big slippers, above which his loose stockings gathered in clumsy folds.

He tolerated no ornaments in his apartment, if we except a few books. No trace of luxury, elegance, good taste, or even tidiness, suggested the genius of the master. The lamp leaked; the wick smoked. Beethoven's sense of smell was as dull as his hearing, and the stenches of his apartment did not disturb him. His headaches were due to some other cause. If a grocery bill did not balance, or anything else went wrong with his housekeeping, he raged at the maidservant, if he had one. But after loading her with abuse and epithets, his anger vanished as quickly as it arose. Bowed over his scores, he immersed himself in his true world, the real, divine refuge of his storm-buffeted soul. Thus he would cover sheet after sheet with staves and notes. An inner light that nothing could eclipse dispersed the clouds and fogs of his dull existence, and a happy, kindly smile relaxed the stern, straight lines of his dour features. When the water began to boil on the hob, he would add to it a liberal portion of brandy, and drink to banish the chill spectre of loneliness.

Yes, there is an Atlantis of great geniuses, a mysterious continent where their will is law. Often they seem to the ordinary observer helpless and unready — the most impractical, the most incompetent, indeed the weakest, of men. But they are not really where they seem to us to be. What we behold is only their shadow, to which they

attach no value. They secretly slip away from us to their true home, invisible to our mundane eyes.

The Beethoven of the last quartettes is inured to the loneliness of greatness. He no longer seeks easy victory. His triumphs have ceased to come so cheaply. He buries himself in contemplation of his sorrows. He converses with his torment. Exaltation is his only way of escape; the path upward alone remains open. After fifty the aging Beethoven withdraws from the world. He lives immured in his genius even more than in his deafness. His soul is filled with an all-mastering tenderness. No friends go to him longer, for what repels men most is an outburst of immoderate affection. The more he withdraws from the outer world, the more lavishly he spends himself upon his lonely inner life. Bossuet's profound and striking saying, that as the physical man grows older the spiritual man grows younger, applies to Beethoven if it ever did to anyone.

He withdraws, therefore, from the publicity of fame to a privacy where none may follow him, and remains solitary at the risk of being called an eccentric and a fool. The deaf old man listens only to himself. He sings and hearkens to his own song.

Gradually he grows timid of meeting even his best friends. He completely loses touch with them. They cannot understand his gentleness; it troubles them more than it pleases them. They do not know what he wants, for he craves none of the things that they desire. They realize that they can give him nothing. They fear him, for he is encompassed by the intimidating mystery of the Burning Bush. So the more himself Beethoven becomes, the more deserted he is; the more his heart turns to humanity, the lonelier he remains.

In the end that becomes his crown of thorns.

An eternal song of sadness lifts its lament in his stream of melody. *Es ist um mich geschehen! Es ist um mich geschehen!* No other wail of loneliness is more moving than this heart cry: *Es ist um mich geschehen!* It reflects as in a mirror the mortal struggle of a soul. Nevertheless, this chord of melancholy is only a prelude of the song of life. It is a sadness that smiles through its tears. Beethoven is no despairing lover, no cool philosopher, no dreamer watching the world pass by, no saint who has conquered himself. But every mood—gloom, love, the thought of death, or whatever it may be—starts a tempest in his soul that expends itself in violence and thunder, and leaves the smiling sun behind.

Es ist um mich geschehen! Silence becomes the cry of infinite loneliness, and song becomes the deep voice of silence. Infinite is my aloofness from the world, and yet my song shall be eternal. The happiness that I sacrifice as a man shall be the price of my redemption as an artist. *Es ist um mich geschehen!* And yet I shall live on forever.

To-day, a century after his death, Beethoven is no longer the epitome of music, as he was during half a century after his death for Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz. We do not now identify his nine symphonies with the nine Muses. The faith of our fathers is no longer our own. But what a tremendous musician he continues to be, in spite of all—and a still greater man. What he was for music he is still and will ever be. He is not its god, but the first true prophet of its divinity. He was the first who made music a sovereign art. We owe to Beethoven the fact that the art of harmony ranks equal with the other arts, their peer among the most exalted

forms of human expression. Thanks to him, music has asserted its equality with sculpture and poetry. Not only did his genius conceive some of the greatest masterpieces of that art, but

he inspired it with the thoughts, aspirations, dreams, and sorrows of a great soul. Before Beethoven, music was merely an artistic amusement. He made it a confession of faith.

THE LADY IN THE CHRISTMAS FURS

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*Saturday Review*]

'I'm a lofty lovely woman,'
Says the lady in the furs,
In the glance she throws around her
On the poorer dames and sirs:
'This robe, that cost three figures,
Yes, is mine,' her nod avers.

'True, my money did not buy it,
But my husband's, from the trade;
And they, they only got it
From things feeble and afraid
By murdering them in ambush
With a cunning engine's aid.

'True, my hands, too, did not shape it
To the pretty cut you see,
But the hands of midnight workers
Who are strangers quite to me:
It was fitted, too, by dressers
Ranged around me toilsomely.

'But I am a lovely lady,
Though sneerers say I shine
By robbing Nature's children
Of apparel not mine,
And that I am but a broomstick,
Like a scarecrow's wooden spine.'

FASCISM ON THE RED SEA¹

BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL

WE traveled on the steamer Yemen, under the special auspices of Benito Mussolini. His picture hung in each officer's cabin, and the Captain, a powerful athlete, gentle as a child, attractive and friendly with everyone, had a statue of the man in his quarters. In the salon was an enormous photograph of the *Duce*, signed with his own hand and dedicated to the brave ship Yemen. 'Under this sign will you travel,' said every picture.

And you traveled well — surprisingly well. The Captain and his officers were the neatest, most prepossessing and competent seamen that I have run into in five years on all the Seven Seas. Fascism is at work here in Africa, where all the Italians, and not only my companions on board ship, are representing Italy before every foreigner they encounter. On shore we passengers were always the guests of the Captain or of the First Officer, whether we were at a moving picture, a restaurant, or a café. On one occasion I felt so guilty that I tried to pay the bill for everyone present, and the Captain rushed up to an officer who was with me, saying, 'What kind of behavior is this, letting a passenger pay!'

In Massaua, the chief Italian port on the Red Sea, I purchased an Italian newspaper for fifty pfennigs from a local shop. It was terribly hot, and I requested the shopkeeper to send a

young man into a near-by café to get me a glass of lemonade while I looked over his display of post cards. The lemonade came, and with it coffee and water, but my money was refused — I was a guest. The same sort of thing happened everywhere. On my return to Jidda an Italian steamship agent invited me to spend two weeks in his house as his guest, although my acquaintance with him was limited to my having bought a ticket from him two months ago. An Italian apothecary developed a hundred films for me at a specially low rate. Every one of these people wears the Fascist insignia; they all love Mussolini, and all are dreaming of the day when Italy will be a great colonial Power, with its red, white, and green flag flying over Syria.

They cherish no hate for Germany or Austria, or for their erstwhile comrades in the war, but they adopt a patronizing attitude when they speak of France. 'A poor, old people! They have no children! But we — five hundred thousand more births than deaths each year! We are young! *Giovanezza a noi!* The future is ours!'

Only three times during my journey did I notice the Fascist dictatorship at work. One of these occasions was on the second of November, when we received a radio announcement of the latest attempt on Mussolini's life. We were anchored near Massaua when the Marconi operator ran up to the Captain, pale and excited. No sooner had the Captain grasped the whole message than he rushed upon

¹ From the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), February 9, 15, 24, March 2

the deck, shouting: 'Flags! Flags! Regalia! Mussolini has escaped unharmed!' Two minutes later flags were being waved from a near-by warship and from the Governor's headquarters on shore. The officers took me aside and whispered: 'Things are not all straightened out here yet. There are still some Freemasons in the Government. But you won't see them around much longer; Mussolini will clean them out. There is also one merchant here who is a Liberal — but he must look out, and he is anxious.'

My second encounter with Fascist dictatorship was in Hodeida, in Yemen. An Italian merchant, an able man and a brave adventurer, was waiting in vain for permission to go to Sana, where he wanted to sell the King of Yemen some military supplies. His brother was with the King in Sana at the time, but he could be of no assistance, for the brother was a Fascist, and the adventurous merchant was a Democrat. That gave the Governor of Eritrea an excuse to telegraph to the King of Yemen that Mr. So-and-So did not have the permission of the Italian Government to travel to Yemen, for he was not a Fascist.

My third experience occurred in Massaua, where I was sitting in a café, searching my pockets in vain for a pencil. I swore — gently, not in strong terms. Two officers near by put their hands to their mouths and whispered: 'Hey! No swearing! Mussolini has forbidden it.' The dictatorship in Africa! People cannot even swear.

Mussolini's proclamation, issued at the end of October, announced: 'Massaua must be the principal port on the Red Sea. The Italian Merchant Marine must be developed. We have already done a great deal, and have put through a treaty of friendship with the King of Yemen.'

I saw Massaua, and it is already, next to Suez, the principal port on the Red Sea, bigger than Port Sudan, Jidda, or Suakin. The export business from Eritrea in 1925 exceeded three hundred and twenty million lire, and the imports were about two hundred million. A third of the goods handled came by caravan from Abyssinia and the Sudan. Here the Italians are struggling to link the traffic between Southern Sudan and Massaua. Railroads are gradually being built into the interior, right to the borders of the English territory.

But the future of Massaua and the future of Eritrea, a small colony of a hundred square kilometres and four hundred thousand inhabitants, is in Yemen, across the Red Sea. That is where everyone on the Yemen is looking, especially the officers who have been sent to explore the half-known mountains of Yemen in the capacity of military observers and diplomats. Young military doctors, who are establishing Italian hospitals, — the first that have ever been built in this part of the world, — and engineers and mechanics, who are launching great enterprises in Yemen under the auspices of the Italian Government, are also interested. The merchants here occupy a privileged position, for they enjoy a complete monopoly. Yemen seems to be the future of Eritrea, the future of Massaua.

I remain skeptical. To be sure, I believe in the future of Massaua as the port for Northern Abyssinia and the southern Nile valley. This colony is rich, and its Budget favorable. Twelve million lire are spent for civil administration, and an income of thirteen million is derived from customs, taxes, and postal service. Twenty-two million are spent for five battalions of black Eritrean troops and a small body of white soldiers.

On the other hand, I do not believe that Mussolini's Yemen policy is sincere, or that he is developing Massaua merely for the small gains he derives from it, or that he is going to get the little colony of Eritrea, with its forty-five hundred Italian inhabitants, into trouble with the English, who will not and cannot allow the Italians to establish a harbor near them on the Red Sea. What Italy really wants is territory for colonization — in other words, Syria, with its two hundred and fifty thousand square kilometres of rich soil, inhabited by only two and one-half million people, and capable of absorbing from five to six million European immigrants. Syria is only three days' journey from Italy, and lies in the temperate zone, whereas Yemen is in the tropics, close to the equator. Syria cannot be developed by the French on account of lack of money, and cannot be colonized by them because of lack of men.

Here, then, is the aim of the Italian colonial policy in the Red Sea. The Italians want to gain a foothold, which England will buy from them at the highest possible price, and secure for them in exchange the French mandate of Syria for the benefit of Italian colonists. Yemen is the first move in their battle for Syria. It is the trump card of the new Italian colonial policy.

The Italian officers on board the Yemen were sufficiently affected by storms and seasickness to confess to me freely as we journeyed toward Hodeida, 'We are working in Yemen in order to gain Syria.'

Since the time of the Romans Yemen has been known as 'Happy Arabia,' because it is so rich. Hodeida is the chief port of Yemen, but its importance is tremendously exaggerated, and chiefly founded on bluff.

The little steamers that come here once a week anchor a few kilometres

away from the cheerless, level, sandy shore. Sailboats carry the merchandise and the few passengers from the steamer into the shelter of three breakwaters, each of which is about one hundred yards long, and into the harbor, where another process of unloading takes place. Husky Negroes carry their burdens through the water to the land. Baksheesh.

With keen appreciation for the inhabitants of Yemen, I rode ashore on the shoulders of one of those black men, and reflected how primitive they must be, since steamers have been coming here for the last hundred years and they have never thought of building a little pier out to the breakwater so that they might carry their goods to the land more easily. How exhausting this old method is whereby they carry one package and one passenger at a time through the water.

Feeling firm ground under my feet, I felt like shouting with honest conviction the words, '*Al hamdu li-llahi rabbi l-alamin.*' That means, 'Thanks be to the Lord of this world, for I have completed my journey.'

A sentry stands at the door of the palace, and inside, at the foot of the stairs, stands another. In the waiting chamber a dozen half-naked men are loitering about. Linen cloths reaching from their waists to their knees, and cloth headkerchiefs covering the curly hair that grows down to their shoulders, are all that they wear. On the walls hang weapons and a trumpet of real brass. No doubt these colored bodyguards are protecting His Eminent Majesty the Emir of Hodeida.

At the door leading to his chamber stands another sentry in a blue shirt like a smoking jacket and a blue *imama*, or headkerchief. This soldier opens the door for me, and a sergeant clicks his heels together, salutes stiffly,

and obediently announces my presence to the Emir.

Sayyid Hussein el Abd el Kadr, cousin of the King of Yemen, and delegate from Yemen to the Pan-Islamic Congress at Mecca, Governor of the coastal provinces of Tehama, which extends as far north as Loheija and includes Hodeida in its borders, sits at a big modern mahogany writing desk under a canopy, with his knees pulled up under him. At his side are two sprays with bright green leaves, which His Majesty chews from time to time. He also smokes a water pipe, which adds to the pleasure he gets from chewing the leaves. The Governor takes his pipe out of his mouth, greets me in a friendly manner, but does not get up, and begs me to sit down on a stool while he orders tea and cigarettes and questions me. Conversation is rather difficult, for the Governor does not understand much of my bad Syrian-Palestine-Arabic dialect, and I am no better at grasping his Yemen Arabic. I am a good deal like Americans in Paris, who complain that the stupid French do not understand their mother tongue when they hear it. My task is made even more difficult because I have just come from the hostile court of Ibn Saud, as a German journalist with an English pass on an Italian ship with Egyptian recommendations, and want to interview the King of Yemen.

The Emir asks me what was going on in Jidda, and especially in the Hejaz — whether the English and the Italians are living in peace, and what Ibn Saud wants. Every word of this is a crisis that I have to cope with in my poor Syrian-Arabic. I do my best, and the Governor seems to be pleased enough. He then takes my letter of recommendation from Zaki Pasha to the King, says he will telegraph the news to Sana, and invites me in the meanwhile to

stay in the 'Beladiye,' the town hall, where all guests of the Government are lodged.

The Beladiye is one of the handsomest buildings in Hodeida, and the room assigned to me was particularly attractive. It had big windows on four sides, a vestibule, a terrace with a balcony, and a spare room where one could get washed. A splendid view of the roofs of Hodeida spread at my feet. The furniture was covered with dust, in which a great many fleas were leaping about. When I asked to have the floor cleaned, the two soldiers on duty retreated, for they believed that water bred vermin.

Finally, a bed and divan, a table, a chair, a lamp, and a broom were brought in. The bed and divan were identical. Each had a protruding edge of wood, and measured about eighty centimetres in width and a hundred and forty-five in length. The bottom of the bed was of woven straw that looked like the design of a crossword puzzle. Each wooden frame had four feet, and each foot shot out at a different angle. I measured the bed, and it was just under one metre and a half in length. Obviously part of my body would hang out over one end, either my head or my feet. Night was going to be an attractive time indeed. I wanted to sleep on the floor, but could not do so. I had it washed with water, and the servants were quite right — it brought out even more vermin than there were before.

Presently I gave an order. Selim Chauch — in English, Sergeant Selim — put himself at my service. He was in charge of the Beladiye, and the commander of the twenty-one soldiers to whom my personal safety and well-being were entrusted. I gave him a tip and ordered tea, water for washing, and a great deal to eat. The Sergeant then

asked for money to make these purchases, but finally announced that it was too late and that I must wait till to-morrow morning. None of his men was free at the present time, although it was only five o'clock in the afternoon.

I darkly remembered my experience with Arabian hospitality in Jidda, and said: 'Now, Selim Chauch, listen, my good young man. I want two servants, at least one of whom must stay in my anteroom day and night. I don't care where you get them. I'll give baksheesh. And then I should like you to buy me a teakettle and glasses, knife, fork, spoon, and plate, bread, salt, and all the rest. I will give baksheesh.' I then extracted from my trunk a stocking that was full of thalers I had bought in Jidda. I counted out five thalers on the table, wrote out the number, and spoke it as well. (A Maria Theresa thaler, by the way, is worth fifty cents.) The Sergeant's eyes popped out of his head. He was all reverence and servility. The next thing he did was to uncoil his three-yard sash from around his waist, put the money into one corner, and wind it up again. I should be well looked out for, he assured me.

Two hours later the bugles in the Hodeida garrison sounded retreat and my new servant appeared with tea and food. He brought the salt in his straw hat and shook it out on a sheet of paper by the window. He had put the tea into a paper bag fastened to his sash. The food — but the less said of that the better. Everything, including the tea, was so full of salt that I could not appease my hunger. I therefore ate bananas and sugar and a few dates for dessert, and drearily retired to bed. My stomach ached, and my legs, which rattled about on the bed, hurt from the knees down, for just about at my knees the bed stopped. I lay awake a long time and looked fixedly at the dark night sky of Yemen. With

an intense prejudice against that country, I surveyed the stars above and envied them — they were so far away from Hodeida, the port of Happy Arabia!

Hodeida is the only seaport in Yemen where any Christians live. These include ten Italians, two Greeks, and, until a short time ago, one German. English are forbidden. This handful of Christians, and two Yemenite Jews, are the only remains of Hodeida's earlier inhabitants, who melted away when the Turks gained complete control over Arabia.

Before the war a constant stream of Turkish gold flowed from Constantinople to the powerful Turkish garrison in Yemen, but to-day all this is forgotten. The Turks send no more gold and no more men — a combination of circumstances that is far from pleasant. One may abuse the fruits of Turkish power in South Arabia as one will, but it was better than nothing in a country inhabited, not by Turks, but by a mixed, half-savage Negro race.

Irak and Syria, with their Arabian culture, are not what we are speaking of here. We are also passing over the tremendous cultural work achieved by the able Ibn Saud and his Wahabis of Nejd in the last twenty-five years. Leaving all these elements aside, this much can be said. Everything of civilized and cultural significance in the Hejaz, Asir, and Tehama is entirely the work of the Turkish Government and Turkish officers. The Arabian leaders have hindered this work, and the Arabian natives have done much to destroy it, since the withdrawal of the Turkish power. The story of Turkish suppression of Arabian culture along the coast of the Red Sea is one of those war lies which were well on the way toward being accepted as historical dogma.

Hodeida, with its population of

scarcely eight thousand, seems like a town that is too big for its inhabitants. The town wall, three hundred and fifty yards long in the north, four hundred yards in the east, and five hundred in the south, — the western side being bounded by the sea, — is destroyed in many places and patched up with earthworks, crude brick, and woven straw mats. Many of the houses within the town have fallen to pieces and are deserted, while beyond the wall for a thousand yards extend groups of thatched huts and tents which the Negroes and half-breeds from the south and east have made into a grotesque kind of suburb. The market, the biggest in all Tehama, is impoverished. It speaks volumes for the poverty of the country that was once called Happy Arabia and that is still, in spite of its poverty, the richest and most thickly populated part of this unfortunate peninsula.

Most of the trade with Yemen passes through Hodeida. Very little of it goes out of Mokha, the renowned coffee port, a little town of scarcely two thousand inhabitants. Only a little, too, passes through Loheija, a town of three or four thousand north of Hodeida, and still less through the fourth Red Sea port of Medi, far to the north near the Asir border. I tried to picture to myself the economic condition of Yemen, of the country that is now known as the keyhole to all anti-English, and perhaps to all anti-European, intrigues and disputes in the Near East. In looking for my material I first asked how large were the imports of the country, then how large was the population of the Happy Arabia that consumed them, and finally how many real resources it had at its disposal.

The figures that I assembled all point one way. Imam Yahia has established, in accordance with the teaching of the Koran, customs duties

of two and one-half per cent *ad valorem* on all imports. He has also levied an extra tax for the transportation of each article from the ship to the land, and another for the exportation from Hodeida to the interior. He has received these import rights in exchange for certain monopolies, such as petroleum, which he has given to Italian merchants. Besides this there is an extra tax of one half per cent *ad valorem* on everything that goes out of Yemen, which includes chiefly coffee, hides, henna, and senna leaves.

All these taxes together — on imports at two and one-half per cent, on exports at one half per cent, the freight taxes of one eighth of a thaler (the equivalent of five cents) per article — bring a revenue of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand thalers a year into Hodeida. Loheija, the second largest port in the country, gets between seventy and eighty thousand thalers, and Medi and Mokha still less. The flow of goods from Sana to Aden is, I am told, insignificant, for it is a ten-day journey between the two places, while from Sana to Hodeida it is only four. On top of this, Imam Yahia is doing everything in his power to make Hodeida the chief port in the country. All Yemen does an import and export business of from three hundred to three hundred and fifty million thalers, that is, about one hundred and seventy-five million dollars, of which the imports make not more than five million dollars. These, however, are the very highest figures possible, for the statistics given me there were purposely exaggerated.

Five million dollars' worth of imports — mostly rice and sugar from Japan, cotton from China, and fruit from Singapore — is not enough to entice Italy to quarrel with England; and when I reflect that the raw materials exported from Yemen, including

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the coffee, go to the Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland, I am even less inclined to expect an open breach. The whole Italian policy in Yemen is a fake, a bluff. Italy's true aims are concentrated in the north of the Arabian peninsula and not in the south.

Italy is bluffing. I received this impression every time I walked through the market place of Hodeida, and often I was in the company of Italian officers. It was astonishing how shabby this market place was, even for a town of only eight thousand inhabitants. In Arabic a market is called *suk* — something different and much more inclusive than the European term conveys. In Arabian villages there are no stores at all; the Bedouins and the fellahin must go to a big town whenever they want to buy something, and they often purchase enough at the suk to last them for a whole year. The suk is thus a true picture of the business and cultural life of a country. Is the land rich or poor, progressive or backward, at peace or at war? A walk through the market place gives the answer, and the suk of Hodeida replies.

Before the booths are little curious groups, — three beggars, three porters, five soldiers, — but almost no prospective buyers. From early morning till the trumpets in the garrison sounded retreat and announced that it was time for the stores to close I wandered about the market, and found the same symptoms everywhere. At the fruit stands and sweet shops there were buyers. The cooks, who were making a frightful smell with their work in the streets, also had customers. But elsewhere the market was filled with nothing but soldiers of the Imam, walking barefoot, wearing blue shirts, their heads swathed in wonderful turbans that hung in big folds to their shoulders. They patrolled the streets with Turkish Mauser guns over their

shoulders, cartridge belts across their chests, and crooked daggers and knives at their sides. The eight thousand inhabitants of Hodeida are supervised by a garrison of five hundred men, not counting the Emir's personal bodyguard of sixty. The reason is that Hodeida is a conquered town. Its inhabitants are Sunnites, members of the Shafi'i sect. The Yemenites, on the other hand, are Shiites of the sect of Zeidi, of whom there are scarcely two dozen supporters in Hodeida. Imam Yahia has taken account of this. He also knows how the Bedouins outside Hodeida hate him, for he has assumed their privilege of charging traffic tolls. From one quarter to one eighth of a thaler is charged for every camel that crosses the province, and that tax used to go to the tribes of Kohara, Absiah, or Jeghabeh. One year ago the Absiah revolted and within six hours slaughtered an entire garrison of about nine hundred men. Some months later the Jeghabeh, who live northeast of Hodeida, slew one hundred and fifty of Imam Yahia's soldiers. But neither tribe could attack the Imam himself — they had to hold off for fear he would send out a punitive expedition.

The Imam not only knows this, but is also aware that all the Bedouins in the desert are his enemies and are only awaiting the first opportunity to hold a St. Bartholomew's Eve massacre of all the Yemen troops in Tehama, from Hodeida to Medi. North of Medi is the army of Sayyid Idrisi of Asir, who has promised all the Bedouin tribes, in case he conquers Imam Yahia, that he will give them back their traffic tolls; and this man, a Sunnite, is, like the Bedouins, an inhabitant of Tehama.

All of which shows why soldiers patrol the suk in Hodeida.

Every evening I sat by the harbor in front of the barracks of the police com-

mandant, drinking salted tea and watching the sun go down, while I talked earnestly but tactfully about the miserable condition of the common people who amused themselves noisily in the coffee houses near the eastern door of the town. The group with which I conversed was a small but representative company. With three Persian merchants, one Egyptian chief of police, and occasionally Selim Bey, the commandant of the province of Hodeida, I discussed religion and the origins of the Holy Imam, whispering cautiously about His Majesty the Imam's rule.

When I had won the confidence of my companions they would take me aside and say: 'You have no idea of what these people of Yemen are capable. The Imam is a great and clever ruler, and a wise one, but he is frightfully greedy. He grinds the country in the dust. Look here, we ourselves are Shiites, but we must admit that it was better — much better — under Idrisi's rule. Let's hope he will come back. The whole land awaits him.'

I asked: 'Was Idrisi so much better?'

'He certainly was. The Bedouins levied taxes, and the Government paid its employees and officers good wages. But do you know what the Imam pays now? His two commanding generals get sixty-five Maria Theresa thalers a month. Six pounds, ten shillings. A common soldier receives five thalers a month, three pieces of bread a day, and one new uniform a year. As for our police commandant whom you see here, he gets only thirty thalers a month. He is Chief of Police, Port Officer, judge, and detective, all in one. What is more, he is no stupid Yemenite, but a cultivated Persian. How can he live on thirty thalers with a wife and children? He needs at least ninety.'

I understood, and reached into my pocket and handed the poor victim of

Yemenite economy a gold coin. The Chief of Police was moved, and put the money in his pocket. The other said to me confidentially: —

'See here: you understand about politics, and that's why we tell you the truth. The Imam will fail with his present policy. If an Arabian king is not generous he cannot assert himself. The English run things quite differently, and much better. So does Sayyid Idrisi, who is now in alliance with the English. If you go to Aden, say to the English: "We all await you and Sayyid Idrisi. The Imam is greedy. No good will come of him."' "

At last the reply from Imam Yahia to my request for an interview arrived. The Governor of Hodeida summoned me to him.

Full of anxiety, I walked along the harbor front, quite resigned to receiving a negative answer. The King is frightfully mistrustful and allows no foreigners near him, so they say. Others shake their heads doubtfully. The Italian mission left for Sana two days ago. It is a sure thing that the Italians would not like to have any foreigner gain access to the Imam. My best friends take me aside and say: 'Why did you show your letter of introduction from Zaki Pasha? That will do you more harm than good. The King has discovered that Zaki Pasha does not support his Italian policy, and looks upon him as an enemy. And you with Zaki's recommendation — well —'

Howling. Roaring. Singing. The members of the Emir's bodyguard march by, some mounted and some on foot, with the officers in front and two donkeys bringing up the rear. On these beasts ride the Governor and his nephew. The Governor wears a green shawl over his shoulders. He looks kindly at me, and I make so bold as to take his picture. His cousin, the King,

is more strict in this respect, and allows no one to photograph him. We then all followed the procession into the council chamber of the Emir, where he holds a court of justice. The Burgomaster, the Chief of Police, the military commandant, and all the notables of the town were there.

When my turn came the Prince was somewhat perplexed. He offered me coffee and cigarettes before announcing:—

'A telegram has come from Sana, from the Imam.'

'Ah!' I murmured, affecting great surprise.

'Yes. The Imam begs to announce that he is leaving Sana within a few days, and he fears that he must miss you. The weather in the mountains is particularly cold just now—so cold that he could not allow you to make the journey. If you have something important to ask, just put it up to me. His Majesty has begged me to help you in every way that I can.'

Bringing all my diplomatic resources to bear, I answered:—

'I thank His Majesty with all my heart for his kindness in thinking that the bitter air of the mountains would be raw for me' (I was extremely proud of putting this so well), 'but I am totally insensitive to cold—it does not affect me at all. I do not mind if I have to travel for weeks, if I can only find His Majesty the Imam in some other place than Sana. I have much money' (this was my second card), 'and money means nothing to me if I can only talk to the Imam.'

The Persian who was with me came to my aid.

'Say that you have brought fine gifts for the Imam with you,' he advised, and turning to the Governor continued in lyrical tones:—

'If the Doctor sees the Imam, he will write something marvelous about

him—something that will be of inestimable advantage.'

The Governor puffed twice at his pipe and looked at me. I had a hard time keeping myself in control. On the one hand I wanted to interview the Imam and to know what was going on in the interior of Yemen. On the other hand I could not and dared not make myself flatter him. I therefore became facetious, and turned to my Persian friend:—

'Don't say, effendi, that I am bringing anything of value to the Imam. Say rather that he will be of inestimable service to me, that I have come from far-away lands to see him. But make one thing clear—that every word I write will be the truth, and that I hope the truth will spread his fame.'

Alas, the Emir shrugged his shoulders. I had neglected to flatter the Imam as thoroughly as I might, and the doom of my interview with the King of Yemen was sealed. Polite phrases followed. They would telegraph the King again, tell him how great and important I was, send him clippings from the Arabic press of Egypt describing my work, and so forth; but refusal was plain enough.

My friends reproached me. I could have spoken more respectfully, and who could compel me to keep any promises I made? And why had I not brought up the subject of my gift to the King sooner? One must act in a more cultivated fashion. Now the least I could do would be to make up for what I had done. I must prevent people from looking on me as a beggar who perhaps wanted some present from the King, as had been the case with several Arabian journalists who were already at his side and with whom His Majesty had now fallen out. Where were my presents?

I was in a quandary, for I had

brought nothing with me that could appropriately be offered to the King — nothing but my geographical equipment. I therefore decided to offer my barometer, and with a heavy heart showed my friends this delicate instrument. I took them up a high building and then brought them down to sea level and demonstrated how the instrument reacted to even so small a difference in altitude. They were greatly amazed.

On the next day but one I was told that the reply from the King had arrived. He was sorry, but he could not receive me. The Governor, however, felt very badly, for he liked me and did not want me to go away with a bad impression of Yemen. Since he realized that I had no memento to take away with me, he asked if he could not offer me a little souvenir — two Arabian idols from Saba, dating from pre-Mohammedan times.

I took the hint.

'Say to the Emir that I should be happy if he would accept in remembrance of me the little gift that I had brought for the King. I shall pay my respects to him this afternoon and ask his permission to travel across Sana to Aden.'

What had really happened was that my programme had had to be altered. If I could not interview the King of Yemen, I could at least see his enemy, the ruler of Asir. My mission now was to secure the Governor's permit to go to the seat of his enemy. The Governor received me with charming friendliness. He took my barometer, and showed me the two idols, and they really were very beautiful. They were little grave-stones, about twenty-two centimetres high, dating back to the second or third century A.D. In those days the Yemenites used to put these carvings on the graves of their dead queens. We began to converse.

'His Majesty cannot possibly receive you. He is extremely sorry.'

'Quite so,' I replied. 'Then may I go to Aden by way of Sana and at least see something of Yemen?'

The Emir jumped. Obviously I was a British spy.

'That is impossible,' he answered. 'First you ask to see the Imam in Sana. If you go to Sana now the Imam will think that your request was merely a pretext to get into that part of the world, and he will be offended.'

'I understand,' I said. 'Then can I journey from here to Aden outright by way of Taiz?'

'That's absolutely impossible, for your journey would cross the province of Zaranik, which is at war with the Imam, and where you would be likely to be killed. I cannot allow it. Go to Aden by boat.'

I explained to the Governor that Aden is just as uninteresting as a journey by way of Mokha. He shrugged his shoulders, obviously distressed that I was left with such a bad impression. I got up.

'If there is no other way, Your Excellency, I beg permission to be allowed to go back to Jidda as quickly as possible.'

The Emir breathes a sigh of relief. Yes, indeed. Of course, with the greatest pleasure. If I should come back again to Hodeida, everything will be much better, for I have good friends here and am well known. I can go away when I wish.

My little group of friends was waiting for me near the police station that evening.

'Where are you going?' they asked.

'To Jidda.'

'And when? On the next steamer?'

'No, to-morrow, on the very first sailboat I can find. I am going to Kamaran, the English pilgrim station on the Red Sea.'

They looked at me and smiled. The idea impressed them, for in a sailboat I should be quite free. Once in Kamaran, no Imam and no Emir could tell me where I could go, and between Kamaran and Jidda lay the kingdom of Asir, where the Idrisis live. One of my comrades bent over me while the Chief of

Police was writing on my passport 'To Jidda, by way of Kamaran,' and whispered in my ear with all the secrecy of a conspirator: —

'A pleasant journey! Allah be with you! And if you want to see a real Arabian chieftain, stop at Asir and see the Idrisis.'

FROM SAMARIA TO LEBANON¹

BY A PRUSSIAN STAFF OFFICER

A REMARKABLE land, this Palestine, buried in the heart of the Old World continent, the only bridge between Europe and Asia and the Dark Continent. She seems predestined to be the geographical centre of a mighty empire whose circumference will cut the northern tip of Ireland, Cape Town, and the Japanese coast. But she sleeps—sleeps the slumber of a museum or a graveyard. Great history has been written here. For thousands of years peoples of different races and civilizations have collided at this point, and from it influences have radiated to all quarters of the globe, as they have from no other point upon its surface.

Yet, though mighty forces have gone forth from her, Palestine has never been an enduring seat of power. Whatever is transplanted here withers. Nevertheless, replanting goes on eternally. She is ever to be a land of milk and honey on the morrow. What does she lack, then? Water.

Not that water is always absent; in winter it rains as heavily and as con-

tinuously as in Germany. But the soil drinks up moisture as greedily as it has the civilizations that have passed over it. From March and April until November the sun blazes incessantly. No trees can resist his ardor, except olives, a few shrubs, and the locust. A forest is inconceivable in Palestine. After the millet has been harvested in May, the fields lie fallow. A river flows through the land from north to south, but in a channel deep below the level of the ocean, through a narrow, cliff-bound valley, and ends in the Dead Sea.

From the earliest time men have sought water here. They have found it occasionally at the price of great effort and in strange places. The deep valley of the wadi below us is as dry as bone, but halfway up the neighboring hillside is a cave containing a spring. All over the country are remains of ancient, debris-filled wells that in their day supplied villages or tiny towns. To-day's scanty population, which finds the absence of baths no privation, manages to get along with what water there is. But how goes it with an army?

¹ From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Industrialist daily), February 25, March 1, 4

When the Turkish forces, consisting of three coöperating armies, marched down from north of Jaffa in the summer of 1919 and crossed the Jordan and descended to the Dead Sea, to face the Anglo-Indian expedition advancing from Suez, it was so hot that our buffaloes foundered. Oxen and horses held out longer, but soon they also dropped off rapidly from insufficient forage and lack of water. This left us for transport only our camels, a narrow-gauge railway, — the cars about as big as tramcars, — whose tiny engine rapidly consumed what fuel the country afforded, and motor trucks, which were the most reliable of all and could be used wherever the ground was sufficiently level, despite stifling clouds of dust.

What wonder that our men also began to vanish? Battalions of fifty or sixty rifles would disappear overnight. A chain of guards in the rear recaptured some of these deserters, but only a fraction. The troops went hungry, they went thirsty, they were clothed in rags. Spotted typhus and dysentery took their toll. The evening wind brought malaria from the coastal swamps.

'Why do you strike me, Pasha? I am barefoot and hungry. I have n't even a shirt. Look — I got that wound in the Balkan fighting, that one on the Dardanelles, this one at Gaza. What more do you want?'

South of us the English have full ranks. They have bored artesian wells along their route, which supply them with abundant water. Railways and vessels bring them supplies and munitions in abundance. Why do they wait? A few weeks more and the heavy rains will set in and pin them in their places.

'On the nineteenth the English army will attack. That is why I skipped

over.' Thus reported a well-fed Indian deserter, excellently equipped, who preferred the short rations of a prisoner to powder and lead.

The German General Staff officer at the headquarters of the Eighth Turkish Army slept little that night, for the telephone rang constantly. As the morning of the nineteenth dawned gray through the barred windows of the Arab house he occupied at Tul Kerm on the mountain-side, he threw himself down for a moment's nap. Suddenly a dull, rolling roar startled him from his drowse. Drum fire on the western wing. This meant business.

We were frightfully outnumbered. Our whole army counted but nine thousand, five hundred rifles. The enemy must have had three or four times as many. His superiority in every other weapon was quite as great. Hurried telephone calls to the higher officers at the fighting line brought vague answers.

'There is a big dust-cloud in front, and it is foggy toward the coast. My corps is stationed there. I have no further reports.'

This message reached me at 5 A.M. By seven o'clock the right wing of our Second Army Corps, or as much of it as escaped from the dust-cloud, was in full retreat. The remainder, a few hundred, still held out along a narrow section of the front. Most of our artillery had been lost. Supports were ordered up, but what could the single battalion we sent forward do? A mosquito-like hum filled the air. Fragments of bombs dropped by aviators spattered around the windows. The enemy above us incurred no danger. A tremendous explosion wrecked our telephone central, but our German repair-man soon had it working again.

By 10 A.M. the army corps in front of us had been completely wiped out, like chalk from a blackboard. Its offi-

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cers were swept back with a mob of fleeing men. A little to our right a division commander took up position with thirty soldiers and one machine gun — all he had left. Forces of enemy cavalry were advancing along the coast, and nothing longer stood between them and our headquarters. Our few reserves had long since been mopped up. It was not a defeat, but a catastrophe. One end of the withered garland stretching from the Dead Sea to the Mediterranean had been trampled to dust.

The telephone rings, and the voice of the Commander-in-Chief, speaking German, announces: —

'The Gendarmes Commander at Gedera has just reported by telephone that he is about to go downstairs to surrender to the English cavalry.'

'Gedera, Excellency, is behind us on the right.'

'Certainly.'

In front of us, a few retreating soldiers. Above us, enemy aviators — and a vertical sun beating down unmercifully. Behind us, English cavalry. Fleeing men on every side; but they walk — it is too hot to run. Wagons, masterless horses, part of a hospital train, limping infantrymen — all the debris of defeat flowing backwards.

Between 1 and 2 P.M. The enemy calvary are now directly behind us. Are reinforcements coming from the supporting army on our left or not? I hasten to the Commander's quarters. The windows are broken, but the building is intact. He asks: —

'What shall we do?'

'First have something to eat, Excellency.'

'Quite true.'

We actually find some provisions.

'Now we can't stay here. Let us see how the situation looks from the minaret. Reinforcements may come up

yet. If we could only hold the enemy for one hour!'

Several wounded are lying in the courtyard of the little mosque. From the minaret we have a broad view over the brown, barren coastal plain as far as the sea. In the valley below us, at the tiny railroad station, a train stands under full steam. Why does n't it leave? I see through the glass that the roofs and the running boards are black with men. We hear a rattle like infantry fire. Little figures appear in a brown plain beyond the tracks. That must be enemy cavalry. And yonder — what is that? Long brown lines moving through the dry weeds. Cavalry advancing en masse, and only half an hour away!

Two damaged field pieces labor up the mountain. Whips crack over the horses' backs; foam flecks their side. The artillerymen unlimber next to the mosque. With a rattle, cartridges are driven home. An order, a couple of reports, and two tiny white puffs appear yonder in the air. That won't help much. Half an hour later our motor car, just leaving the narrow mountain valley along the only highway from headquarters to the rear, meets the first company of the promised reinforcements. It has pushed its way, with three or four motor trucks, through the stream of fugitives. The other companies are somewhere farther back. Too late!

On the night of September 20 the headquarters of the Eighth Turkish Army were under a group of olive trees beside a dusty highway. It had been a bad day. Until noon we had hoped that we might draw off our worn, weary, slowly retiring troops by the road leading toward Nazareth. But enemy cavalry, pushing rapidly up the coast, anticipated us and occupied the suburbs of the town at daybreak. With our way barred in that direction, our

only alternative was to seek shelter for the shattered remnants of our troops with the supporting army on our left. A few field pieces had been saved. The German-Asiatic Corps of four hundred rifles and one or two Turkish regiments retained their morale. The rest of our forces were useless for fighting. At noon, however, as our columns were winding through a narrow valley without shelter, enemy scouting planes detected us, and soon their heavy bombers were overhead. They worked dreadful havoc amid our already demoralized troops. Drivers hastily cut their horses' traces from the baggage wagons and rode away pell-mell in every direction.

It was 1 A.M. the following morning before we had time to catch a little sleep. In three or four hours a new day would dawn. What would it bring?

At Nablus, — old Shechem, — the site of Jacob's Well, where Joshua assembled the people of Judea to proclaim the Law to them, the enemy had set himself athwart our last practicable highway. Our sole way of escape, therefore, was over mountain trails traversable only by pack animals. General commands were useless. No one obeyed orders. Neither could these be conveyed to our scattered detachment, for want of messengers. The Commissary Department was in chaos. Each man seized whatever supplies he could lay hands on. It was a miracle that a soldier or an animal escaped. Yet we kept together after a fashion, scurrying along like a carelessly shepherded herd of goats, and camping together at night. Our last field pieces had been abandoned, but we still kept our small arms and a few machine guns. We were the wreckage of a beaten and dispersed army, half-starved and in rags and tatters. Nevertheless, remnants of discipline still remained. If we could have had a few days' rest,

new footwear, and provisions, we might have rallied our ranks.

On the twenty-second there was no fighting. Evening brought us to the descent into the Valley of the Jordan, down a wild chasm where the winter floods had strewn huge bowlders and blocks of stone. It was a neck-breaking ride, at which European cavalry and horses would have balked. Dusk was already thickening when we reached a narrow pass like a huge gateway. We felt moist ground underfoot. Everyone threw himself down to drink at a couple of puddles in the pathway. Gradually, as the stragglers came up, the remnants of the army gathered themselves together and slept in groups under the bright moon. The pursuing enemy did not disturb us. It took him longer, with full equipment, to advance through this broken mountain country than it did us, bereft as we were of everything.

But might he not be ahead of us? It seemed probable that his cavalry and motor corps, controlling as they did the traversable highways, had long since occupied Beisan north of us. To westward the long ridges of the mountains of Gilboa were outlined against the starlit sky. Toward the east the land was level country. The Jordan must be there.

Beisan's fate was soon determined. The enemy had held it for two days. A detachment of still intact forces of our neighboring Turkish army had attacked it the night before and had been repulsed. A new assault, planned for to-night to take advantage of the bright moon, was countermanded because it was obviously hopeless without artillery. So we must ford the Jordan, for there are no bridges.

Slowly rose the sun over the mountains of Gilead. We had crossed the Jordan an hour before, through water

up to our saddle girths. From a sandy elevation our vision swept the broad, barren plains of the Jordan Valley. Only a couple of miserable huts were in sight. Beyond rose the blue, saw-toothed ridges of the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul cast himself upon his sword because he would not survive defeat. Farther to the right Beisan — ancient Bethshan — lay invisible in the mist. 'And they fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan.' Our Philistines hold it to-day. Our straggling troops are still splashing through the Jordan. They have found a second ford. But it is slow, slow progress, and we cannot hurry it. If the enemy holds off two or three hours longer, we shall be over. But will he? Would n't it have been better to have thrown our German Asiatic Corps against Beisan last night, notwithstanding the certain sacrifice? What is done, is done. The enemy aviator who circled over us a few minutes ago has left us in peace, and he did not return toward Beisan.

An hour passes. A black, naked Bedouin brings the Pasha a bowl of milk. The sixty remaining horsemen of the Asiatic Corps are already across, and have turned toward the north. We must follow them up the Jordan — unless the Philistines head us off.

Yonder in the plain we hear a shot. Every glass is turned upon the point. Another; then a volley! Machine guns! A sand ridge cuts off the view. The firing grows louder. There lies the enemy. A few seconds later bullets toss up the sand at our feet, and a light wind brings the faint sound of cheering to our ears. Is that not an hurrah? Suddenly over the sand ridge rises a long line of figures enveloped in dust, with the glitter of steel in its midst — heads, horses. English cavalry attacking!

The Pasha turns away. His face is livid. 'I can't watch it any longer!'

he exclaims, and looks at me in stolid silence. I then tell His Excellency the old story of the two frogs which the thrifty dairyman inadvertently poured into a can of milk — one gave up and was drowned; the other kept kicking, and soon found himself floating on a pat of butter. The Pasha listens thoughtfully. Then, shaking my hand, he says: 'Quite so. Let's make butter.'

Meanwhile our troops recover themselves. Brave Rachmi Bey with the 125th, and other detachments, hold their ground. Rifles crackle, machine guns rattle, and artillery booms. Hundreds of our men are captured, but the remnant still show their teeth. At my side the Pasha himself points a Turkish machine gun, firing steadily toward the north — for the enemy has also crossed the Jordan. The Asiatic Corps advances against him. By mid-day the worst is over.

As night descends and the enemy's aviators are no longer able to follow our movements, our mounted column scrambles through the wild cliff-country east of the Jordan. We march all night, and rest the following day, after which a second night's march brings us on the twenty-sixth to the black-lava town of Derat.

Damascus is the metropolis of the desert. Syrians, Persians, Arabs, Romans, Saracens, and Turks have destroyed her and rebuilt her. She has survived and outlived all her enemies. Electric trams and camel caravans, railways trains and buffalo wagons, water mains and filth-filled gutters, jostle each other behind her walls. Around her lies a girdle of orchards, beyond which stretch interminable deserts except to the northward, where rise the bold cliffs of Anti-Lebanon.

Damascus holds our stores of clothing, food, and ammunition. Such remnants of our troops as were saved

from the fighting in Palestine have gathered here for a short repose. A brief one, indeed, for the enemy already threatens us over the recently built Meissner-Pasha road, which runs from Nazareth to Rayak between the two mountain chains of Lebanon. The German-Asiatic Corps, which has fortunately escaped the catastrophe, has been sent ahead to Rayak by the narrow-gauge railway to hold him back. The Eighth Turkish Army has been disbanded and its commander and his staff transferred to Smyrna. Its thirty or forty officers must likewise proceed to Rayak, in order to reach the main railway line via Aleppo to Anatolia.

'Your Excellency, we shall have a train early to-morrow morning. I have their absolute promise.'

But the Pasha has had long experience, and is skeptical.

'You still have your German railways in mind. It's not like that here. Horses are surer.'

Nevertheless, he is willing to give the promise a trial. On September 30 only two empty freight cars stand on the siding.

'No,' says the Pasha, and starts off in the saddle.

I go back to the railway people, and promise to pay the locomotive drivers in gold in order that they may not desert. Not more than two or three trains can be sent to Rayak in a day with our wood firing. Each pulls four to six coaches. But we ought to be able to leave by noon.

The station swarms with men. They have been sitting in the coaches for two days, waiting to get away. The sun blazes pitilessly. A friendly station agent smuggles us into two long, empty freight cars, where we are immediately followed by a mob. Two cars loaded with wounded are then attached.

'Will the engine be able to pull them?'

'Yes, it will go all right.'

The usual long wait. It is not only noon, but half-past three. The locomotive whistles.

'Give them my greetings at home,' shouts the German station master. 'I don't know whether I shall ever get there again.'

The train begins to move. So we are going after all. The Pasha might better have waited. We slide along smoothly through the orchards. Below us on the right stretch the long lines of shade trees bordering the highway out of Damascus. Their tops float hazily above a thick sea of dust. Between them march the remnants of the Palestine Army. The road, like the railway, runs through Barada Gorge. The troops, if we can still call them such, make a motley picture from the moving train. Here trudges a group of Turkish infantry, weary and footsore, followed by a single cannon, several camels, a herd of sheep, a troop of cavalry, some of whom wear blue peace uniforms like those of the Prussian Uhlans of the Guard, a handsome coach containing two elderly gentlemen wearing fezzes and carrying a green umbrella, a detachment of gendarmes still in good order, several motor cars, and so on, in endless succession.

Unhappily, the train runs slower and slower. Is it going to stop? It stops. Our four coaches seem to be too much for the locomotive. The engineer tries again, but the grade gets worse. He cannot make it. The army is marching past us. The carriage with the two gentlemen and the green umbrella, and the flock of sheep, overtake us and pass on. Shouldn't we after all be better off on horseback? The Pasha seems to have been right. But how leave my fellow officers of the Staff who have no horses? Impossible!

Meanwhile the long procession files past, marching, riding, straggling.

'There goes the locomotive!' shouts a German in the car. In truth, it disappears around the next turn, with the two foremost coaches. We are alone. Even the long procession of the retreating army thins out.

Then another sound. *Tak-tak-tak-tak-tak-tak!* Machine-gun fire! The enemy! The reports suddenly grow louder — a sign that the guns are aimed directly toward us. Puffs of dust fly up. Bullets begin to splinter the wood of the cars. We tumble out and rush down the embankment to the rear and across the stream below. The water is only up to our knees, but our boots feel fearfully heavy when we clamber up the sandy bank beyond. We keep on until we get under the cover of a protecting ridge on the edge of a big irrigation ditch tapping the Barada River. Here we balance ourselves on the narrow ditch-trail.

I do not know how it happened. I swallow a mouthful of water, and feel myself swept along by the current. A few steps ahead of me float my hat and my riding whip. I clutch at the bank as one might at the edge of a bathtub. The water is well over my depth. Turkish infantrymen trample on my fingers, and make no effort to help me — they have enough to do to save themselves. I cannot scramble up, for the edges are perfectly smooth. The only thing is to let go and swim. A silly situation! I feel like a panic-stricken frog. What was that story about the one in the milk can? But you can't churn yourself a pad of butter here. As I am swept around a bend I see a rosebush hanging over the bank. Roses have thorns, but what of that? I grasp it firmly, and inch by inch pull myself up — naturally, on the wrong side. So into the water again. The next time I have better luck and find a place

where a little soil has slipped into the canal, affording me a landing.

The machine-gun fire has now ceased. Across the valley and above us, beside the two deserted cars, lies a dead mule. The stillness of a perfect midsummer evening rests on the landscape. But forward — forward! I wade the Barada again and reach the road, passing a crossing-tender's hut, in the cover of which squats a group of infantrymen. The highway ascends for fifty yards directly across the tracks. Shall I make it? I am just past the railway when I hear a report and a couple of twigs drop on my head from a tree overhanging the crossing. I slip quickly into a side ditch and take cover.

It is growing darker. Sneaking forward, I get out of range of that accursed machine gun. Now it means marching. Other Germans have joined me. We leave the road and follow the rails. High cliffs rise on either hand. Suddenly it lights up for a second as bright as day. Then a mighty roar of thunder shakes the tepid night air. This occurs again and again. They are exploding the big munitions dumps at Damascus.

A railway station. The agent, who still sticks to his post, speaks a few words of French. He guides us to a group of houses where there is light. A hand catches my arm. Quite right — a few steps more and I should have stumbled into the women's quarter. I sit resting for a moment on a stone. My German comrades are there. By the light of a candle stump an old woman peels a hard-boiled egg for me. I eat it with a piece of pancakelike Arab bread. Then we hurry on again through the darkness.

Toward evening the next day — you would never believe on how little food a man can march if he is forced to — we reach the junction. We can get no

bread there, but ripe grapes are abundant. Above all, there is a train which takes us as far as Rayak. The Pasha has already left for the north.

Our camp here has been bombed by enemy aviators and is a sad wreck. But I find in one of the barracks still intact Colonel Raffed, the cool-headed Corps Commander who rode right through the British lines.

'How did you get here, Colonel?'

He related how he was cut off from

the last of his troops near Nablus, and, turning back with two of his adjutants, rode all night long past the advancing English columns without being recognized in the darkness. Rather, he was half-recognized, for the English sentry posts saluted him. When he reached the plains he turned toward Haifa, where he found friends who sheltered him. He then skirted the sea to Beirut.

'Et me voilà! Very simple.'

A MOMENT

BY L. A. G. STRONG

[*Irish Statesman*]

THE winter afternoon
Is clear and still,
And Time sits thinking
On this frozen hill.

Stand high upon the rocks,
Take horn and blow.
Far out across the moor
The long notes go.

Pure, unassailable,
And cold they fly,
Like silver javelins
Against the sky.

The rabbit suddenly
Attentive sits,
No stir about him but
His little wits.

Her hunger all forgot,
A speckled bird
Ponders with head on side
What she had heard.

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THE STORY OF JADE¹

A CHINESE TRADITION AND A MODERN VOGUE

'JADE madness' is a term that is now coming into use in Europe and America. It is the Western jeweler's description of the present feminine craze for jade. So keen is popular taste for the green quartz of Asia that Liberty's of London is working its own jade quarry in Burma. All the products, of course, go to China for grinding and carving; hence the jade is known as Chinese jade, although its home is generally in Northern Burma and Turkestan.

The Chinese are the only masters of this industry. It has been mastered because of the Chinese passion for the product. From time immemorial they have considered jade the 'quintessence of Heaven and earth,' the most precious of precious stones. It is one of the oldest commodities of trade in the country. For this reason the best is never exported, but reserved for the tremendous trade in China itself.

Kings in olden times were wont to exchange cities or towns for a mere piece of jade. The badges of rank of princes of the royal blood were of jade; those of officers of the third and fourth ranks were of gold only. It was the royal stone. It is still regarded as the food of the immortals. As such it is placed in the tombs of the dead in powdered form. Many of the finest pieces known are funeral pieces taken from tombs. In China, the beauty of both women and flowers is compared to jade.

It is used for articles of utility, for

ritual, and for ornament. The green porcelain of the Sung dynasty copied jade, and it was customary for the famed Chinese potters to use the character for jade as a mark upon their finest and most beautiful pieces.

The earliest use of jade was almost purely ritualistic and symbolical. Rank and position at court were conferred by jade emblems. Jade tokens were also used to convey imperial commands to provincial governors; and sentences of death or of exile were dispatched in a similar way. A further ancient use of jade was for archery rings, while small pieces of jade were hung from a warrior's girdle in the belief that the pleasant sound produced as they jangled together dispelled depraved thoughts. During the Chin and Han dynasties, however, artists broke away from the very rigid conventionalism of the early period, and began to give full play to their decorative fancy. The result was a great advance in the variety of jade carving, which began to develop a healthy realism in the shape of ornaments and utensils.

The figurative use of the word 'jade' in the Chinese language suggests similar associations of the word 'gold' in the English language. Shakespeare, had he been Chinese, would have said 'jade boys and maids,' instead of 'golden boys and girls.' The analogy goes even deeper. It was formerly a common practice in China to mix powdered jade with medicines, just as our mediæval leeches prescribed powdered gold.

¹ From the *Chinese Economic Journal* (Chinese Government official economic monthly), *January*

Nothing about jade is mentioned in European history until Sir Walter Raleigh brought kidney stone, as it was called, from the West Indies. It was so called from its reputed medicinal effect on the kidneys. Its Spanish name, *piedra de ijada* (stone of the flank — that is, the kidney region), was modified in the French, whence the English word 'jade.' It would be a fruitful employment of Sinology to trace this early connection with China, for in China, too, jade has long been regarded as a therapeutic.

The term 'jade' is used very loosely to cover several minerals. The chief of these are nephrite and jadeite, which are both included in the Chinese word. Nephrite is composed of silicate of lime and magnesia, and jadeite of sodium and aluminium. This difference is not apparent to the layman's eye. The hardness of nephrite ranges from 0.5 to 6.5, and of jadeite from 6.5 to 7; the specific gravity is 2.96 to 3.1, and of jadeite 3.33 to 3.4. Nephrite becomes white and cloudy when heated, and does not fuse easily; white jadeite fuses easily and becomes bright yellow.

Both minerals are found in the same piece of rock, and both are particularly suitable for carving. They are only partly translucent, and when polished take on a warm, soft, waxy surface. Both nephrite and jadeite are white in a pure state. But perfect purity is rare. Jade is usually more or less colored by the interpenetration of such metals as magnesium, chromium, and iron. These sometimes form streaks, producing a marble effect. Nephrite is mostly of a green tint, but there are also red and brown nephrites, while one of the rarest is black. The colors of jadeite are often brighter than those of nephrite, which is generally of greater translucency. Lavender and apple green are common colorings. But the most prized color is emerald green, due

to the presence of chromium, which also gives its distinctive color to the emerald itself. This variety is found only in small pieces, and its value is enormous. Jade is often found enclosed in boulders in the river beds, and 'jade fishing' was once a flourishing industry in Chinese Turkestan. Since the tenth century, however, these so-called jade rivers have been gradually worked out, and the villages of the fishers are now mostly nothing but piles of ruins. The main supply of jade now comes from Northern Burma.

Generally speaking, jade is of two kinds — white and green. The latter is commonly used as jewelry, while the former is used solely to make bracelets for men, and for large decorative articles, such as vases, *objets d'art*, 'artificial mountains,' and the like. Burma produces the rock or ore for green jade, and Turkestan that for white jade. The greater bulk of white jade is manufactured in Peking and Shanghai, and only a comparatively small amount is worked up in Canton. White jade is rarely used by women for jewelry, and so its value is considerably less than that of green jade.

In China, for thousands of years, jade had been known by the name *hu*, the Chinese character for which was a conventionalized representation of three horizontal pieces of jade held together in pendant form by a cord through the centre.

It would not be an extravagant claim to say that ninety per cent of China's output of green jade articles is produced in Canton. Green jade is therefore the jade referred to in the following notes about the industry in Canton.

Canton sets the style for many articles, and it is exceedingly difficult for workmen in other parts of the country to copy it, even if they possess the skill, because no standardized machinery or tools exist for performing the

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various operations. Likewise with Shanghai styles, which can hardly be copied in Canton. The main reason, perhaps, is that the workmen are conservative and ignorant. They do not want to break their habitual way of doing things. Their muscles have become as parts of machines; whenever something new is to be done, it deranges the whole machinery. Accordingly the labor cost would be much higher if the Canton workmen were to copy the Shanghai style, or vice versa. The same reason may be assigned for the higher cost of articles intended for export trade. On the whole, the Canton workmen are more skilled than those of Shanghai, because in the latter place the unions or guilds are not so well organized, and consequently many women and other forms of cheap labor are employed in the workshops.

Normally, Canton imports about four million (Mexican) dollars' worth of jade rock annually from Burma, although according to the Customs reports the importation for the last few years has been declining. This importing business is handled by seven houses. They all buy direct from Burma. Their profits and losses depend entirely upon the skill and good judgment of the buyer. Hence the buyers for these houses are usually the owners or important partners. The tax at the quarries is about sixty per cent, and the transportation costs amount to about forty per cent more. Thus if a house pays fifty thousand dollars for its rock at the quarries, the cost delivered in Canton will amount to one hundred thousand dollars. The time for quarrying is about May, as this is the dry season of the year.

Once a year the market in Canton is open for the selling of the rock imported. The time is usually at the beginning of the year (old style calendar), somewhere around the latter part

of the first month. The amount of rock to be disposed of determines how long the sale will last. Purchasers may be manufacturers, shopkeepers, and even workmen themselves. The whole year's supply is to be sold at this one season. The main reason is that the houses want to sell their entire stock before the purchasers have a chance to cut up the rocks, for if some of these purchasers should strike bad bargains it would discourage further buying. Besides, it is the 'psychological' season for buying and selling, because everybody is starting business anew.

It may be interesting to note the system of sales adopted by these importing houses. The rock for sale is put on exhibition in the rooms of the importing houses one day ahead of the sale. Each piece is numbered. A small portion of each piece of rock is cut to expose interior color. Prospective purchasers inspect these rocks and note the pieces they want to buy.

The system of secret bidding is used at the sale. The seller, or *sin sang*, as he is called, stands in the middle of the hall, wearing a coat with extra long and wide sleeves. When the number of the piece of rock for sale is announced, the buyers rush up to this *sin sang*, grasp his hands under his sleeves to give their bids, and talk prices with their fingers. The *sin sang* has a remarkable memory: not only can he talk price with both hands at the same time, but he is able to remember every number and the price of every piece of rock on sale. When he thinks that he has secured a good price he shouts out the name of the bidder who is entitled to that particular piece of rock, without waiting for further bids. Every buyer has therefore to fight hard for a chance to present his bid first. The *sin sang* is usually a big, strong man, for he must withstand the rushing crowd of buyers trying to grasp his hands, and prevent

them from crushing and squeezing him!

The bid thus taken is not final, but is subject to review by the proprietor, who has the right, according to custom, to reject any bid if he thinks the price is too low. Except when the sale is concluded no prices of bids are announced. The *sin sang* cannot show any favoritism or discrimination, since, as soon as the price is made public, bidders will find out why their bids have been rejected or accepted.

Occasionally a sale is held in the ninth month, that is, prior to the New Year sale, if the importers desire to realize some money earlier. But this sale is always on a smaller scale and less exciting.

There are usually about a hundred customers or buyers at the sales conducted by the importing houses. Among them may be manufacturers, shopkeepers, or the workmen themselves. Anyone who has the capital and confidence in his ability to determine the value of jade may buy rock and send it out to contractors to be cut into whatever size he wishes. The color and quality of the jade determine what is best to be cut out. No contractor or workman dares to steal anything out of a piece of rock entrusted to him, because there is a careful system of inspection and weighing, and if any dishonesty were proved the offender would be blacklisted at once.

The contractor or industrial organizer owns the workshop and the necessary tools. He goes around to solicit orders and hires men to work for him. The workmen are paid at piece rate. Earnings are divided so that the contractor gets sixty per cent and the workmen forty per cent. Out of his sixty per cent of the earnings the contractor has to provide the place for the work, the tools, and the food and lodging for his men. It goes without

saying that he has to solicit the orders.

There are some ten thousand workmen engaged in the jade-cutting industry in Canton. They are organized into four trade groups or unions, namely: (1) the cutters, (2) the bracelet makers, (3) the plain carvers, and (4) the 'flowery' or ornate carvers. Workmen in the last-mentioned group are highly specialized and get good wages, — that is, about one dollar a day, — while men in the other trade groups get about forty cents a day.

These unions are exceedingly powerful. They can do what they please and the employers or contractors have no control over them. Systematic malinger is openly practised. One who visits the workshops cannot but be impressed by the irregularity of attendance. The workers go out for a walk or to take tea, perhaps once in every hour. If one were to calculate each man's working day, it probably would hardly amount to two hours of solid work, and yet the men are supposed to be at work from early morning till nine at night, with rest periods at meal hours. They expect to earn only a certain sum a day, and when that minimum is reached they work no more. At the same time they see to it that their employer does not make too much money, but just enough to warrant his continuing in business.

Perhaps these practices might be put down to the artistic temperament, rather than to willful idleness. The work is the most delicate imaginable. Used as they are to delicate work, the Chinese themselves cannot conceive of the carving of jade as done by human hands, and their name for pierced jade work literally means 'Devil's work.'

Rigid rules are in force governing apprenticeship. No one is permitted to work on any kind of job without first being a graduate apprentice. Apprenticeship for cutters is set at three years,

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while the term for the bracelet makers and the carvers is four years. During the period of apprenticeship the apprentice is fully under the control of his master. Whatever he earns goes to the master. In return the master takes care of him, providing him with food and clothing besides teaching him the trade. The apprentice generally does the rough work and his master applies the finishing touches. Upon graduation the apprentice must join the union by paying an initiation fee of about ten dollars.

There are no terms in English to express accurately the different agencies handling the jade trade from the purchasing of raw materials to the retailing of the finished products. The industry does not lend itself readily to description in terms of conventional business practices. The reader must stretch his imagination somewhat in order to understand the entire organization. The manufacturers are not manufacturers in the real sense of the word. They are merely buyers of rock from the importing houses; they neither own factories nor employ workmen. Contractors really do the work of manufacturing. Neither is the jade exchange a wholesale market, although manufacturers sell their products in this place. One may even buy from one booth or stall and sell what he has just bought at the next booth in the same exchange, for it is impossible to determine the values of jade exactly. In many cases even the expert jade dealers do not agree on their valuations.

There are two jade exchanges in Canton, both in the west suburb of the city. Each is open every morning from half-past six to ten o'clock. Each seller rents a place or booth in the exchange in which to display his goods. One of the exchanges handles goods of superior quality and the other the goods of inferior quality. However, a seller in

either exchange usually exhibits his inferior articles, and only on request or when he recognizes a 'real' purchaser will he show you his good jade articles. The system of making transactions secretly is also practised here as in the jade-rock market. Thus no one except the actual purchaser knows exactly how much the seller has charged or been paid for an article. In these exchanges only a professional can expect to get a good bargain. A layman buying here will surely 'pay too much for his whistle.' He cannot hope to strike a good bargain, and it would be much cheaper for him to buy from a reliable retail store.

As to the retail business in this trade, there are about forty stores in Canton, mostly located on Tai San Street in the New City. The average store employs about seven persons and does an annual business of about twenty thousand dollars. The success of such a business depends almost entirely upon the purchasing agent, who is usually the manager or the head of the store. The expenses in the business amount to about twenty per cent. Accordingly, twenty-five per cent on cost is the usual mark-up of the 'one-price' stores. There are some half-dozen one-price stores in the city. Other stores, of course, charge what the customers can or will pay.

There are two kinds of one-price stores. One is called the 'true one-price' — that is, it charges exactly the price marked. The other is called the 'discounted' one-price — that is, it gives a discount from the price marked on all articles to every customer. For example, if the article is to be sold for seventy cents, it will be marked at a dollar, and a discount of thirty per cent will be given. This extra mark-up may vary all the way from thirty per cent to fifty per cent. Some stores have followed this system for so long that it is hard for them to change over to the

'true one-price' system, because their old customers all expect such discounts when making purchases.

When a visitor or foreigner is taken to a store by a guide it is customary for the guide to get a twenty-per-cent commission from the store. Hence it is necessary for the store to add this to the selling price to cover such commissions. Formerly the commission was only ten per cent, but the guides are so powerful that they can now demand exorbitant sums from the stores. The stores are largely dependent upon the guides for the tourist trade, and visitors will not buy from stores that are not favored by the guides, and, in fact, buy wherever the guides take them. This accounts for the high prices that tourists and visitors have to pay in making their purchases. As a matter of fact, none of the 'one-price' stores realize any extra profit whatever from these visitors. If the tourist is charged too much, it is because the guide is exorbitant in his demand upon the shopkeeper.

The stores have found it almost hopeless to remedy this situation, because the guides are well organized and have spent quite a considerable amount of money to get their jobs. On the other hand, competition among the stores is very keen, and if one store does not give a guide what he wants he will take customers to one where he can exact better terms. The guides also demand — and get — other privileges, such as premiums on exchange of other kinds

of money into Canton local silver, premiums on drafts, and so on.

The class of articles made from jade has been changing in recent times. Formerly Chinese officials used large quantities of jade in thumb rings, tubes for feathers attached to official hats, snuffboxes, and so forth. Nowadays the most popular articles are earrings, bracelets, finger rings, and pendants, while beads, cuff buttons, necktie pins, and charms are among the most common articles prepared for export.

On the whole, the jade industry is one of the most interesting in China. It is an industry that is truly Chinese. It illustrates in a striking way the methods of business organization and industrial trade-unionism that have been developed in China. Business is carried on under highly competitive conditions, with a small margin of profit. The power of organized labor is shown at its highest. The industry is a complex one, carrying on its activity on an international scale. It is only one of many such industries in China whose story is still unknown except in bare outline to the outside world.

One wonders to what extent these Chinese industries will be modified when they come in close contact with Western trade and influences and Western business methods. Delicacy of workmanship could hardly exist with mass production, for it is difficult to conceive reconciling the artistic temperament of the Canton jade workers with routine and efficiency practices.

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¹ From
daily),
VOL. 332

THE CONCHABO¹

BY CARLOS B. QUIROGA

[A *conchabo*, in the Creole meaning of the word, is a contract laborer.]

JUAN lived in a village in the province of Catamarca. He was not a remarkably industrious fellow, although he might, with a little more effort, have made a very good living. He had plenty of land to cultivate, belonging to the estate of a rich, easy-going, and conservative widow, who was averse to any kind of change. She let Juan crop as much land as he wished, and supplied him with animals and implements to cultivate it, and seed to plant it. Nearly everybody else in the village lived in the same way as Juan, for it was merely an appanage of the estate.

Juan planted wheat and tobacco — especially the latter, which was the most remunerative crop in the district. When rent time came, moreover, the *patrón's* share was always the smaller half. After harvest Juan would go to the rich widow and ask for a few sacks, which he would bring back full of wheat, together with a certain quantity of tobacco — altogether about one quarter of the crop. Was Juan a cheat? He never asked himself that question. He merely knew that all the other *medieros*, or share tenants, did the same, and that the *patrón* must be aware of it.

Truth bids me to confess that Juan personally did comparatively little work around his rancho. His wife

Rosa, twenty-eight years old, his twelve-year-old daughter Petrona, and little Juancico, who was only ten, were the real breadwinners. Juancico carried water, ran errands, frightened birds away from the crops, and brought in the horses from the pasture. He surely earned his daily bread. Winter and summer, however, he ran about ragged and barefoot, indifferent to the cold, as were the other village boys.

Juan himself did the ploughing, and occasionally weeded the tobacco or irrigated the fields. He picked up a few centavos cleaning the village plaza, or irrigating at night for a neighbor. Such earnings Juan spent on what he called his 'vices' — that is, for *yerba maté* and sugar, for an occasional garment for himself or his family, and for getting drunk at least once a week. Yet there was always corn meal in the kitchen. The family rarely ate meat, and seldom bread; but it never went without its daily *maté*. All slept on blankets or hides on the floor.

One Sunday a flurry of unwonted excitement agitated the village. A labor agent had arrived, and the women were worried and distressed. Husbands, sons, and betrothed were likely to be enticed to some remote part of the country by the recruiter's alluring promises. Instinctively, therefore, the women scented trouble. After breakfast, Pedro, one of Juan's bosom friends, turned up at the latter's cabin in an elated mood. He was wearing a pair of new trousers and had a new bright-colored handkerchief around

¹From *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires Liberal daily), July 4

his neck. Although it was a sharp winter morning and still early, his jacket was unbuttoned and thrown back. He bore himself with the air of an important person who needed more room and broader horizons. After saluting the family gayly, he said:—

'Do you know, Doña Rosa, I'm going to Tucuman.'

'Going with whom, Brother Pedro?'

'Going alone, of course. D'you think I'm a baby?'

'All right, my man, go alone. But where are you going to get the money?'

'Money enough. I've got it in these arms, Doña Rosita!' Pedro answered with a little irritation.

'Are you going to leave Azucena behind?'

'How could I take her along? Just as if she wanted to go! Juan, don't you want to go along?'

'Where is this place you're talking about?'

'Tucuman, man—on contract. A fellow can get big wages there.'

'Go along, then. I'll stay here with what I can earn in the village. What do you say, Rosa?'

'The Virgin forbid! And don't you go either, Pedro—way off there, just to get a little more money. It's better to stay as we are.'

'It won't be long before the women will come too.'

'Who's been filling you up with that dope? How much brandy did that kidnapper give you?'

'Shut up, woman!' interrupted Juan.

'Oh, let her talk, Brother Juan—that's what women are for. It is n't brandy,' Pedro declared, picking the teeth of his upper jaw with the thumb nail of his clenched fist. 'Come on, Juan, to the *boliche*.'

'What for?'

'Oh, the agent's down there. We'll get a drink.'

'Hm! Who'll pay for it?'

'The stranger, of course, man!' Pedro seized Juan by the arm and tried to drag him along.

'Don't you go, Juan,' protested his wife; 'I know their tricks.'

'Just for a minute, Rosa. I'll come back. It's Sunday, you know. A fellow's got to have a little fun.'

When the two men returned to Juan's cabin, both were under the influence of liquor. Rosa began to scold, and Juan struck her with his fist. She made no attempt to defend herself, and began to cry. Half repenting his roughness, Juan said, in the aggrieved tone of a drunken man:—

'Why can't you make yourself agreeable? Get out! Shut up!'

Petrona said something, and he tried to box her ears, but desisted when his wife interfered. Then, seating himself gloomily, he began to meditate aloud, in the injured voice of a sadly abused mortal.

'Yes, yes! It's better for me to get out!'

'Get out where?' whimpered Rosa, still in tears.

'Well, to Tucuman. I'll send you money; and I won't beat you any more.'

'What do I care for money? Petrona and I can support ourselves.'

'What are you grumbling about, then?'

'I'm not grumbling. Why can't you keep sober and work here at home?'

'Work here at home, woman—work like an ant, and be poor all the time? See you wearing yourself out washing, cooking, mending—yes, even irrigating the crops, weeding the tobacco! And still always poor! That's why I lose my temper, Rosita. When I'm cross, it's because I'm sad. Yes, I'm going away, Rosa—I'm going to Tucuman.'

'Lose your temper, if you want to!

But stay at home. Think of what might happen to you in Tucuman.'

'Oh, I'll get big wages there. I'll have some reason for getting up at daybreak to go to work.'

'Our patróna does everything to help us, and yet even here we never get ahead! Some people are poor and others are rich. That's the way with the world.'

'Well, I'm tired of it. Now and then the boss comes down here and says, "Juan, do this," and he gives me a few centavos. I just manage to scrape along. And you say the old lady is good! Well, she is, but —'

'If she is good, stay here.'

'Not a bit of it. I'm not going to be a burro and carry everybody's burden.'

By the end of the week the recruiter, who was an active fellow, had talked with all the laborers in the village. Whenever he met them he shook hands with them as if they were lifelong friends. He made most of them drunk a few times. He pictured in glowing terms the splendid jobs they might have at Tucuman. He even advanced them a few pesos to get them more completely in his power. It had been a hard week, though, for mothers and wives. Gloomy forebodings weighed on their hearts like lead. A sullen, silent struggle was going on between the recruiter and the women.

But the stranger was a clever chap. He knew perfectly well that some of the men planned to cheat him and to vanish at the last moment, instead of going along with the others; but he did not let them know that he suspected them. He plied them with liquor as he did the others, advanced them a little money against their future wages, and finally got them to sign a contract. They hesitated, but eventually allowed themselves to be persuaded. Such conversations as these

could be heard around the cabins: —

'Yes, I've signed up.'

'But you say you're going to stay here!'

'Well, what's a scrap of paper?'

'A paper — a paper with a signature —'

'But if I hide?'

'They'll find you.'

'But if I refuse to go?'

'They'll force you.'

'I tell you, they won't find me. If they find me, they won't force me. And, anyway, I won't go.'

'Hm! A paper with a signature —'

The recruiter was a past master at innocent artifice. He had become the bosom friend of the policeman and the justice of the peace, whom he had treated to many a glass of rum. Moreover, he possessed political pull. In fact, he was quite a local boss somewhere upcountry, and was a bosom friend of the Governor, as well as of the policeman, the justice of the peace, and even the patróna's relatives. All of these were anxious to stand well with him. A recruiter has his wires out in all directions. How were the poor women of the village to defeat him?

As the day of departure drew near, the shrewd recruiter, with the assistance of the police and the law, managed to pick out those who planned to desert him, and kept them quartered with the others, gambling, drinking, playing the guitar, and dancing. Their protests were soon drowned in rum and music, and before long even the most recalcitrant was discoursing loudly and eloquently to his comrades on the sacredness of contracts and his honor as a gentleman.

The eventful morning dawned, warm and sunny. Nature did her best to give them a cheerful send-off. Practically every able-bodied laborer in the

village had been recruited. Most were going in auto trucks, others rode on horseback, and a lively party they made when they gathered in the plaza, with the new bright-colored bandanas around their necks fluttering in the early breeze. The few reluctant ones were completely submerged in the excited and happy crowd, and shouts, loud conversation, and a certain *esprit de corps* combined with the beauty of the day to remove the last shadow of doubt from their minds. So the farewell became a fiesta, a triumph of the eternal child in man.

Thus they rode away, the recruiter, more popular than ever, in their midst. That gentleman had every reason to be happy. He would receive seventeen pesos from the plantation for every peon he delivered, plus ten per cent of the latter's wages. More than that, he had a contract for providing their supplies. They were compelled to make their purchases, including rum, at

his store — and good stiff prices he charged. He gave credit, to be sure, but his bills were deducted from the worker's pay. In fact, the recruiter was a prosperous man. Money flowed into his till from all directions, as was necessary if he was to retain his influence and authority with the Governor and the police.

Many family ties were severed forever when the singing, shouting party vanished down the dusty highway. As the months passed, fever-stricken men wandered back from time to time from the malarial plantation lowlands, bringing sad tales of sickness and death among their comrades. Others vanished into the unknown and left no trace. But the village lived on, producing successive swarms of heedless, humble adventurers, irrepressible fortune-seekers in their lowly sphere of life — to enrich new generations of recruiters.

INSECT AND MAN

BY GASTON RAGEOT

MAN has been called a political animal; but does this definition apply to the French? Certainly in drawing-rooms and at the table, as well as in editorial and literary circles, conversation in recent years has rarely touched on political matters, for such subjects can be reduced to economic anxieties and personal preoccupations. Well-considered conclusions play no rôle in the formation of party groups. In solving

¹ From *L'Illustration* (illustrated literary weekly), March 5

the most delicate national problems we are devoid of method, impartiality, and even of information. Self-interest animates us, pure prejudice guides us, and we all argue with a passion whose vigor and intransigence are in direct proportion to our inability to justify that opinion by our reason.

The world would wear a different face if the French, and all Europeans, resolved to talk about politics as they do of chemistry, physics, and mathematics. Unfortunately, however, so-

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ciety is closer to us than nature, and the graph describing the cost of bread excites us more than the orbit of a star. When scholars tell us about matters of no direct concern, we accept their conclusions. When they deal with subjects which touch our pocketbook or our situation in the world, we are rarely docile, and find ourselves firmly resolved to accept only what pleases us and to refuse anything distasteful. Politics are not determined by one's spirit or by one's heart, but by one's necessities. We are active only to defend ourselves or to acquire new privileges. All good citizens are more anxious about themselves than about the cities in which they live.

Sociology, the social science that includes politics itself, originated with Auguste Comte. In other words, it has just been born. A famous school founded at the Sorbonne by a teacher whose influence is still alive, Professor Durckheim, has applied itself to research along these lines and has already begun to attain results. One of its happy principles is to consider the facts of our social life only as facts of nature. Spinoza said that man is not an empire within an empire. Physiological life can be traced through all kinds of animals in all degrees of evolution, and social life has developed in the same way. There are groups, often considerable groups, in which we discover the fundamental laws of collective existence so simplified that they are very easy to grasp. After doing this we can go to man himself, and especially to the Frenchman or the European, and from him learn our science of politics.

Nowadays the insect is in the limelight. He began to be popular at the time of Michelet, who dealt with him in poetic terms, as birds, women, and all the conventional symbols of mystery had previously been treated. In point of fact, however, this entomologist

defeated his own ends. Scholars like Fabre were different. They loved the insect for its own sake and studied it disinterestedly. They are the ones who have helped us to consider it from a philosophical point of view, and to them we turn for enlightenment. Man and insect have this in common, that both are marvels of creation. The former struggles by means of progress to attain perfection of the intellect. The latter has realized with a single stroke perfection of the instinct.

The psychological parallel between instinct and intelligence is a subject for a Ph.D. thesis. Their points of divergence have been known for a long time, and two of them have recently been brought to light by Bergson. Instinct receives its implements from Nature herself — the beaver's tail, the bird's beak, the mole's feet, and the insect's antennæ. This fact accounts for the spontaneous and immediate activity of these organs. On the other hand, the perfect functioning of our intelligence creates its own tools, from the stone hammer to the pile driver. This is why our activity only begins with the discovery of the tool, and action does not commence until the manufactured tool is put into use. The essence of the intelligence is not perfection, but improvement. It progresses from approximation to precision, and finally succeeds where at first it failed. Birds have made nests, bees have made hives, and ants have constructed their ant hills in just the same way throughout the ages. Man has changed his cities, factories, harbors, houses, carriages, from year to year, and even his use of words. We may well ask whether in modifying all the engines of life man has not also modified himself.

Between societies based on instinct and societies conditioned by intelligence we can distinguish an essential

difference that should fortify us against reaching any dangerous comparison or precipitate conclusion. In the former case we are dealing with immobile groups, with customs that are as strict and rigorous as such physical processes as vegetation or circulation of the blood. These institutions are as fixed as any organic structure. In the latter case, however, society itself participates in the mobility of its own spirit. Its changing constitutions will be like that of an ever-growing child whose bones are always made of cartilage. Thanks to science, such a society will be weighted down with the fatal relativity of progress. It will never be everything that it should be, and will never come to rest. There will always be room for some dream, some Utopia. It will pursue the phantom of justice and never capture it. Its laws, its customs, and its justification will evolve along with its equipment and machinery. Therefore, if we find a perfect type of society among insects, we shall have to infer from it that such a society is impossible among men.

One needs only to look at an ant hill or a beehive, or to read a literary work dealing with the life of bees and ants, to understand that the régime of such organizations is essentially communist. In these societies individuals count for nothing. They do everything in the same way, and their activity is utilized solely to further social ends. First they look out for the eggs, then for the young creatures; and so it goes. Thus two castes appear, the one capable of reproduction, and the other normally sterile and devoted only to work.

These observations on the communist character of the insect groups have often been made. What is new to-day is that we can distinguish certain conditions under which they live. Here are the two chief principles. The instinct referred to by scholars as phil-

oprogenitive is what dominates insect life. It is of course true that the maternal instinct in a general way is one of the great mysteries of nature, and one of the fundamental problems of any living group, but ordinarily this maternal instinct is very narrow, since it is confined to the attachment of the mother to her own offspring. Hence it possesses an individual character and cannot extend beyond the little group known as the family. But in communist society the philoprogenitive instinct is lavished on the larvæ as well as on the young individual. Self-denial in the face of this collective responsibility for the future is so great that the insect's very constitution is altered by the perpetual sacrifices it is called upon to make. Insects work too much and eat too little. They expend all their strength and forgo the nourishment they need. It has also been observed that if a queen capable of laying eggs is lacking, the workers, not being compelled to care for eggs, promptly become fecund themselves and produce eggs. This is the original miracle. In all communist societies the philoprogenitive instinct is so strong that a neuter caste is set up — a group whose devotion to the common cause has been so active as to prevent it from developing sexually.

Thus we are led to the second conclusion: communist insects have discovered the way to eliminate that leading principle of disorder and egotism — love. The mass of workers are not distracted from their toil by any personal passion. The reproductive function is specialized, and it alone creates distinctions and castes. The female, on whom the task of assuring the future devolves, is supported by a neuter group. She is often a queen, and we again observe a peculiar reversal of our own code of values. Males are reduced to the minimum, not only

in importance, but in strength and in numbers. They are generally extremely stupid creatures whose nerve centres that take the place of brains are in a rudimentary condition. Thus it is that sexual life is of slight social importance, which explains why the society gets along so well.

In beehives and ant hills, do we not find a solution for a human society of permanent character? And do we not also perceive that they are continually fighting, with every means at their disposal, against an irreducible enemy? Love is antisocial *par excellence*. It is the most refined, intense form of individualism, for the lover prefers his love to everything else. Insects have found a means of preventing sex from shattering the life of society by a very radical stroke — they have simply suppressed it. Man has only attempted to discipline this passion, to civilize it. He has made it a sin, a scandal, and sometimes a crime. He beats it down with religion, morality, legislation, with the more supple but no less effective implement of public opinion, and with ridicule. By subtle comments and sophistries, societies have struggled to establish distinctions in love, preserving, as they have to do, one type of love and repressing another, devoting themselves more and more to confining love to marriage, first polygamous, and finally monogamous. Despairing of ever conquering the passion completely, we have succeeded by one means and another in regulating it and taking away all its importance. When love is light, is n't it less formidable? Yet even in periods that seem to be most dissolute, does a social group ever look at an amorous couple with a peaceful eye? If perchance some romantic inheritance does make us pretend to look at them tenderly, does not that indicate a wise kind of tenderness, such as we feel toward an engaged

couple — a tenderness that is quite in conformity with the conventions, since two people in the toils of passion, whether openly or secretly, are treated by their milieu as enemies. This is certainly not fair to the poor lovers, but how fair it is, on the other hand, to their disastrous emotion!

All this, however, only holds true until the awakening of the maternal instinct, which is the animating instinct of the human family, just as the philo-progenitive instinct is the life principle of the animal society, and some air of disorder prevails. Yet if many mothers luckily remain, as Nature intended they should, more maternal than amorous, how many there are who have become more amorous than maternal! And do we not see, alas, the spirit of pleasure and the desire to 'live one's own life' diminish their tenderness toward their children, and their vigilance and devotion? Perhaps parents never adored their offspring more fervently than to-day — though, to be sure, they have little enough affection even now. And besides, they have never, perhaps, spent less time on them. How would our young ladies like to play the humble and impersonal rôle of nurses in a beehive, renouncing all flirtations and fine clothes? Then, too, in a society where the masculine rôle has always been such a fruitful one, what a loss we should suffer in scholarship, art, and all creative work if males were reduced to fulfilling the function that the little male bees, devoid of brains and importance, perform in a state of perfect communism such as we see among the insects. The contradictions of nature are therefore only superficial, and, whatever the difference between instinct and intelligence may be, their respective activities are not so diverse as to make it impossible to include them in a single conception of the world.

Surely the philosopher Schelling was right in saying that a good explanation of instinct would reveal to us the universe; and it is also true that philosophy is not yet able to furnish us with this definite explanation. But it is not necessary to know the cause in order to state the effects. Of course, we are still ignorant of the secret mechanism that determines the organization of the beehive or the ant hill. But we can easily observe the conditions under which this organization works. Since instinct tends to realize an integral communistic life, we understand how far this communism is really possible, and at the same time we see why, though it is possible in the insect world, it would be as impossible in a world dominated by intelligence as the existence in a single creature of both a vertebrate and an invertebrate system.

Animal societies are harmonious because they are simple; for among animals there is so little discernment in the course of all their activities that everything is automatic. Human societies, on the other hand, are made in the image of man — of man in both his aspects, of angel and animal, constantly at war with himself, contradictory and torn asunder, with reason and desire forever at odds, for soul and inclination are always in conflict. In our society, also, individualism is opposed to the civic spirit. Thus it has ever been, and civic disorder is the result of the way citizens are made. We may well ask, however, if our civilization and culture have not, by opposing the stability of nature, ended by condemning these natural diversions and by conferring on them an artificial keenness that increases from day to day.

In truth, our modern societies, owing to the growing pressure of industrial life and national organization, and owing to the desire for comfort and to increased administrative skill, are tending

more and more to make the individual democratic. In other words, they make individuals more and more like each other, until we sometimes find ourselves asking if humanity is not going to produce that neuter type that we find among the insects. It may well lead us to believe that we are taking the course in which instinct will eventually triumph, and that we have given encouragement to a communist mode of existence. On the other hand, however, with the general increase of intelligence, with the development of instruction and the diffusion of the arts, with the growth of our sensibility and especially of our sensuality, with the establishment of increasingly powerful needs that must be satisfied, our new society offers to the individual more chances than ever of establishing his individualism and opposing his own taste for pleasure or his freedom of judgment to the exigencies of collective authority. While I meekly submit myself to the directions of the traffic policeman, I rebel inside against the obvious interest of the country. Thus it is that progress in our Western world is pushing us further and further along two roads that are running further and further apart. On the one hand social mechanics are suppressing personality, and on the other hand the material and moral liberty that science and industry are gaining for us are stimulating self-love and intellectual pride. The natural man, as he develops, will find himself more and more contradictory and at odds with himself. The best thing that our democracies could do at the moment would be to create, not a neuter class of hard-working laborers, but simply a group of weaklings.

But let us remember the insects, and guard against the insect that is within all of us, remembering that the important thing is, not to gain perfection, but to strive for it.

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BOAT RACE MEMORIES¹

BY A BLUE OF THE EIGHTIES

WHEN you come to think how little the great sport of rowing has been used by our best novelists, the conviction grows that their reticence was due to complete unfamiliarity with its details. Heaven knows that few writers nowadays would be deterred from any form of eloquent description by so pusillanimous a reason. Yet the modern classic of the oar is still to seek. Never shall we forget the thrill imparted to the ignorant enthusiasms of our youth by Ouida's courageous rhetoric about her Guardsmen on the river, who brushed the foam of frothing tankards from their manly moustachios as they stepped into a racing eight; or how, in the crisis of the struggle, every man in the crew rowed as fast as he was able, but none rowed faster than her hero. There is something more true to life, of Henley racing, in Charles Reade. But though poets like Rudie Lehmann or Owen Seaman have sung its praises for the delectation of their comrades, rowing has never had its Nimrod or its Jorrock, who could communicate to the whole world of sport the perfection of the game they loved the best.

For the benefit of the uninitiated a little technical explanation of what Ruskin called the 'sophia' of rowing may not be out of place. First-rate oarsmanship depends on two or three very simple principles, which comparatively few people know and fewer still apply. Take a bottle, insert a corkscrew with a large handle, and place

the bottle on the floor where I can grip it firmly between my feet, while retaining the handle of the corkscrew in both hands. This has produced a bending position of the body in which the cork can be extracted by several methods. I will neglect the wrong ones. Watch my arms straighten out until they are like taut string from shoulder to knuckle. Look at my legs, which have bent so much that the kneecaps are getting quite close to the floor. Note carefully what happens next. Without moving the arms at all, I straighten my legs at the same instant as I straighten my back into an upright position. You see — if the cork had not come out the bottle would have burst. That is how the strength and weight of a man are applied to the blade of his oar by his legs. The arms are merely strings. As a physical fact there is no more between a man's feet upon his stretcher in a boat and his blade in the water than there was between the handle of my corkscrew and the floor. You think that in a boat a man sits on a sliding seat. True. But at the instant that his weight gets on it is — as it were — projected on to the blade, with no more support beneath his body than there was beneath mine when I faced the bottle.

As you watch a crew from the shore you admire the steady sweep of the four blades you can see, all together, through the water. The effect produced is one of the most perfect optical illusions I have ever known. The blade moves only about nine inches alto-

¹ From the *Sunday Times* (London Conservative Sunday paper), March 27

gether through the water. And this — when you know it — you can prove by looking at the four little circular whirlpools left by the four blades. There they are — certainly not more than a foot in diameter. They have appeared because each blade, with weight applied to it as I described, has dropped in square and has built up against itself a little mound of water against which it pushed. The water has not moved. The oar has not broken. The rigger has remained intact, in spite of the shock of nearly thirteen stone hurled on it like a projectile. Something must have given. What was it? Why, the boat. She has leaped forward like a thing alive and passed all eight blades in her smooth movement, till she leaves them — and their betraying eddies — thirty feet behind the spot where they dropped in.

What the public wants to know most, perhaps, is how the race feels to the members of the crew. In my own experience, the long hard rows of early practice are infinitely worse than anything that happens in the race itself. There is no one on the bank except an inexorable Rhadamanthus, on an apology for a horse, who either shouts 'Harder! Harder!' or conversationally abuses you in terms of disdainful irony and vigor, which you are too tired to resent. The distance from Folly Bridge at Oxford to Abingdon Lasher becomes the fitting semblance of Infinity and Acheron, particularly when the two locks at Iffley and at Sandford are the only places where you get a breather, either going out or coming home. The rain it raineth every day, for it is February fill-dike with a vengeance. Nobody seems to care — though, in fact, several people very anxiously *do* care — what happens to you, provided you work hard all the time. You are going through the dreadful period when the weaker vessels are discarded and the survivors are being mercilessly ham-

mered into the elements that shall eventually make a crew.

There seems to be a good deal of illness about in these days since the war. I do not seem to remember many cases of measles, boils, bunions, or what not, at Putney in the eighties. And young men nowadays are fed much better and more wisely than we were, both at school and at their universities. Perhaps they do not train as hard and keep as fit all through the year as we did. It is difficult to say. But one thing is certain: in my time it was in those long, lonely days of early practice that the few men who have ever been hurt by rowing developed the weakness that may have been latent or may have been merely bad luck. By the time a crew had got to Putney, there was nothing much that could break it. I remember one day, about March 25, when there was ice all over my oar except the places where my hands had thawed it. I remember (I was rowing three, where they put the willing but clumsy ones), on an afternoon when we 'took it green,' as we came across the river to get straight for Barnes Bridge, that a solid sheet of water swept past bow and caught me between the shoulder blades, knocking what little breath I had left out of me.

I was never in a boat that actually sank upon the tideway, yet it was only a few years before the war that both went down. There is always that risk when a head wind blows against the stream. And perhaps it is one reason for the crowd's enjoyment that they know that both crews, once they have started, are either going to finish somehow or will sink before they stop. That is the real difference between Putney with its Championship Course and any other waters. Henley is now so perfectly stage-managed that the dead-straight line of every race needs only a huge glass conservatory above it to

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make it absolutely equal for both sides, whatever the weather.

Putney to Mortlake gives as fair a four miles and a quarter as any in England; for the boat that scores along the Surrey shore at the start loses all along the big bend from Hammersmith, and only gets back its own again from Barnes. This means that you need watermanship as well as pace, steering almost as much as rowing, skill nearly as much as strength.

It is a curious microcosm of its own, that life of a university oar in his last three weeks of training. He sees his name in all the papers, and in the only part of all his newspaper he really cares to read. The Far East may be in turmoil. The Balkans may be boiling over. Those things disturb him not. Cambridge (or Oxford, as the case may be) has done a course in sixteen seconds faster time. What, in heaven's name, could be the reason? A faster tide? A favoring wind? A better boat? Could it be merely the simpler truth that they were rowing faster than Oxford (or Cambridge, as before)? Perish the thought!

Yet the suggestion sticks. The Blue has been roused from peaceful and dreamless slumber that morning to run his ten minutes in the early air. He has had his tiny cup of water gruel, his bath, his breakfast, — a sole, perchance, followed by a chop with a poached egg on it, — and he hastens to his newspaper. The hideous facts about the rival crew stare him in the face in large black letters. He moves gloomily down Putney Hill, and at the corner of the London boathouse meets his coach. 'Well, Three! You did a great course yesterday, you fellows! I quite expected you to be a minute longer. Now, don't get slack in paddling off this morning. And — strictly in your ear — *we've got 'em!*'

'My eye,' thinks Three, quite sud-

denly, '*this is a lark.*' He dashes into his shorts, bursts out of the dressing-room, sits up in the boat like the grasshopper on a May morning whom Anacreon loved — and is promptly told, 'Don't bucket, Three; you are spoiling the whole of bowside.' And this, mind you, from the same Angel of Light who had just been whispering words of priceless comfort on the tow-path.

And so it goes. Lunch: some cold beef or mutton. Plenty of salad. Lots of stewed fruit. *One* glass of beer. And then the afternoon practice — not forgetting a small cup of tea and a biscuit if there is time for it. Longer and harder rowing this time. But are we downhearted? No! *We've got 'em.* She begins to run more sweetly between the strokes. You feel at last the amazing thing which is the simultaneous crash of eight blades with an average pull of over twelve stone each on every one of them. Your strength at last is as the strength of ten. For now at last you are — most magic of all mysteries — *together.* And, believe me, there is no other feeling in the world that ever touches it. The nearest is the feeling of a good horse beneath you as you take the last big fence at the finish of a rattling run. It is a feeling better than any possible when you do anything alone. And rowing is the one sport in all the world which, by its discipline, its practice, its achievement, brings that unselfishness of comradeship to the highest expression of its strength and beauty. That is what the thousands who fill the free grand stands from Putney to Mortlake — where there is no gate money — have come out for to see.

But my poor Number Three is waiting for his dinner. Hungry? I believe you. Fish; a sound English joint, plainly and perfectly cooked; a simple fruit pudding. *Two* glasses of beer —

no 'froth-blowing.' No froth at all, in fact — poured out quite quietly to the very edge of every glass. And one glass of port. The great difficulty, after this, is to keep awake till ten. Heywood-Lonsdale, coxswain of our crew in 1889, used to tell terrible stories of a man who once lobbed a heavy volume, entitled *History and Antiquities of Putney*, into the waistcoat of the slumbering President. I can hardly, at this distance of time, believe such sacrilege was possible. Yet I know that this ponderous tome was frequently deposited with unnecessary violence on me. But ten strikes at last — as it does every evening. And the crew sleep as they will never sleep again in the years to come.

On the night of the race, of course,

and for some nights afterward, there is no such veto; for it is no longer needed. The microcosm has expanded from Putney to the Metropolis. But the world remains a boat-race universe. London has opened all her hospitable doors to eighteen merry young gentlemen whom nothing can dismay. Their race is rowed. Life lies before them in a cerulean mist, lit up with rose and gold. They dine and dance and go to theatres and music halls, and meet admirable old gentlemen they never met before and will never meet again, and become friends forever in a night, and pass on to new friends the night after, and at long last move slowly home into the country. And what has happened is something that stays with them all their lives.

WIND FROM THE PAST

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

[*London Mercury*]

ALONE, I hear the wind about my walls. . . .
 Wind of the city night, southwest and warm —
 Rain-burdened wind, your homely sound recalls
 Youth; and a distant countryside takes form,
 Comforting with memory-sight my town-taxed brain. . . .
 Wind from familiar fields and star-tossed trees,
 You send me walking lonely through dark and rain
 Before I'd lost my earliest ecstasies.

Wind of the city-lamps, you speak of home
 And how into this homelessness I've come
 Where all's uncertain but my will for power
 To ask of life no more than life can earn. . . .
 Wind from the past, you bring me the last flower
 From gardens where I'll nevermore return.

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BUSINESS ABROAD

ACCORDING to the League's statistics, production of raw materials and foodstuffs was larger in every continent last year than in 1913. Raw materials increased more rapidly than foodstuffs, except in Europe, where they still remain below the 1913 level. Rubber and petroleum account for much of this expansion. In all lines of production, including manufacturing, progress has been slower in Europe than in the rest of the world.

During the first quarter of 1927 Great Britain raised nearly one hundred and forty-five million pounds sterling of new capital, of which sixty-nine millions was on Government account. Of the seventy-six million pounds of investment in new private enterprises, or for the expansion of old ones, something less than forty million went into home industry and thirty-six million into foreign and colonial plantation, mining, manufacturing, and railway undertakings. Great Britain's foreign investments, which are estimated at more than twenty-two billion dollars, are still vastly larger than those of the United States, which, despite our heavy loans abroad, hardly pass the thirteen-billion-dollar mark. British iron and steel shares, depressed by the recent reorganization of Vickers, the coming drastic reconstruction of Armstrong's, and the aftermath of the coal strike, now command low prices, and in view of the present revival are thought an excellent speculative buy. British railways reported better returns during the first three months of 1927 than they have for a corresponding period since the general reorganiza-

tion four years ago. The gross income of the four great systems increased by approximately five million dollars, while their operating expenses were reduced by four and one-half million dollars. This is partly due to the General Strike, which caused a heavy cut in railway staffs. The men discharged have not been reemployed, as ways have been discovered for dispensing permanently with their services. The reduction in expenses due to this cause alone will amount, it is estimated, to more than twelve million dollars per annum. The new British Dyestuffs Corporation during the first nine months of its existence earned in the neighborhood of one million dollars profits, including interest and dividends on investments, and without deductions for depreciation. Selfridge's absorption of William Whiteley, Ltd., amalgamating two of the largest department stores in London under the control of a former Chicago merchant, was accompanied by the investment of considerable American money in the new enterprise. Selfridge's capital exceeded fifteen million dollars, and Whiteley's was approximately eight million dollars. British internal combustion engines, which are extensively used by foreign airplane manufacturers and have just won the world speed record for automobiles in Florida, are now the joy of English boosters. Great Britain reports sixty-eight motor-car makers, omitting producers of American cars, who announce about one hundred and sixty models, ranging in price from the little 'seven-horsepower' Austins, selling for five hundred and sixty dollars, to 'forty-fifty-horse-

power' Rolls-Royces, whose price approaches ten thousand dollars. Most of the models are four-cylinder cars in the one- to two-thousand-dollar class.

The Irish Sugar Manufacturing Company reports a satisfactory beet crop in 1926. The principal obstacle in the way of the factory's immediate success is the difficulty in finding a market for its by-products. The Free State Cabinet has a vote from the Dail for four hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds to purchase proprietary creameries in Limerick, Tipperary, and Cork. Those creameries which are redundant will be dismantled, and the remainder will be transferred to coöperative societies, which will have to contribute something over one hundred and fifty pounds toward the cost of scrapping unnecessary or uneconomical plants. But it is estimated that closing down superfluous establishments will save between thirty-five thousand and forty thousand pounds per annum in overhead expenses.

Le Temps's economic editor observes cheerfully: 'Unemployment is on the wane in France.

The largest number of idle workers registered was on the tenth of March, when it was eighty-two thousand. Even this was less than during the crisis of 1921, or than the normal number before the war. During the following half-month the total declined by about four thousand. . . . Although France's foreign trade balance, which has been favorable since last July, showed a deficit in February . . . this was due to heavy purchases of raw materials abroad, for net exports actually rose.' Poincaré has decided to refund between nineteen and twenty billion francs of short-term debts maturing in 1928 and 1929 by a consolidated, six-per-cent domestic loan.

France holds approximately one billion dollars of gold, or more than Great Britain or any other country except the United States. Therefore London was slightly irritated when the Bank of France decided to liquidate forthwith the balance of thirty-three million pounds outstanding on its debt to England and to take possession of eighteen million pounds and more of gold pledged during the war as security for this loan. The *Statist* said, 'There is no denying that many of the Continental Central Banks have not yet learned to think internationally, in the full realization of the fact that the gold standard is essentially an international standard,' and complained that the Bank of England had been left to battle alone for sound international monetary practice. The present dangerous policy of *laissez faire* in the distribution of the world's gold stocks must not continue, but some programme must be adopted to which all nations are obligated to adhere. Nevertheless, the reduction of the bank rate in Great Britain from five per cent to four and one-half per cent suggests that no serious harm was done by this action.

Since the first of the year a decided drop has occurred in France's output of iron and steel, and on April 15 miners' wages in the Northern coal fields were reduced by agreement from 39 francs per shift to 36.40 francs, to correspond with a fall in the price of coal. A Government bill has been presented to the Chamber to turn the match monopoly over to a private company, assumed to be the Swedish-American combine under another name. It is provided, however, that the shareholders shall be French citizens. Incidentally, the Swedish Match Company increased its profits last year by about four million kroner and raised its dividends from twelve per cent to fifteen per cent. Franco-German com-

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mercantile negotiations, which had been deadlocked for several weeks, took a favorable turn in April, when a temporary agreement was reached, to expire at the end of June, which it is hoped will form the basis for a permanent treaty. The principal obstacle to an accord was removed when Germany consented to reduce its duty on French wines from eighty per cent to fifteen per cent ad valorem, in return for substantial advantages in regard to the admission of her mechanical, electrical, and chemical products into France. For example, the latter country agrees to take up to three million dollars' worth of German chemicals annually, to be delivered to French manufacturers in the same line and sold by them to their customers.

Belgium has appointed a 'National Investigating Committee upon Industrial Production' to work out a plan for rationalizing industry. Profound changes are occurring in the country's economic situation. It can no longer 'live upon lucky accidents' such as the English coal strike. Within the last fifteen years Belgium has ceased to export coal and has become an importer, mining to-day seven million tons less than she uses. This alone constitutes a problem for a country that must buy much of its food and raw materials abroad and does have coal deposits at home. 'Rationalization,' — which signifies in this instance the fusion of small mining companies now working separately at an economic disadvantage, — technical improvements in the utilization of coal, and above all the electrification of industry, are among the remedies recommended.

It is estimated, upon the basis of the figures of the Ministry of Finance for the first of October, 1926, Germany that at the close of last year fully seven hundred million marks of Federal taxes remained uncollected

in Germany. Possibly half of this sum is accounted for by deferred payments on inheritance and other taxes permissible under the law, but the remainder records evasions and delinquencies. The Minister of Finance ascribes these to two causes — intentional delays in the hope of ultimately escaping payment altogether, and an inadequate staff to follow up delinquents. It has just been discovered that the Treasury has been defrauded of more than ten million dollars by means of forged revenue stamps, which are required to be affixed to every package of cigarettes and cigars before it leaves the factory. In its last report the Darmstädter und Nationalbank reviews the movement toward industrial concentration, which is the dominant theme of business discussion in Germany. Among the great combinations organized during the last fiscal year, it enumerates the 'I. G.,' or *Interessen Gemeinschaft*, of dye manufacturers with a capital equivalent to more than one quarter of a billion dollars, the United Steel Works, which is the second largest group in the country, shipping, cement, potash, and other amalgamations, the International Tube Cartel, the European Aluminum Cartel, the Copper Syndicate, the European Rail Cartel, and the international raw-steel agreement popularly known as the European Steel Trust. A financial writer in *Vossische Zeitung* introduces his bank review for 1926 with the following sentence: 'The great banks of Germany have a year behind them that marks a record for high profits in our financial history.' It opened with Stock Exchange quotations at one of the lowest levels on record, and the banks were forced to take over great quantities of securities in order to prevent an utter collapse of the market. When, with a return of business optimism, shares more than doubled in value, the banks reaped an

unanticipated harvest. Moreover, an abundance of liquid funds was utilized to float new capital issues at good commissions. Credit for moderate and small-sized undertakings, however, is still difficult to secure. The concentration of banking in big establishments and of industries in huge corporations has left a gap which seems to call for banks that specialize in serving a more modest type of customers. Controversy still rages over the Reichsbank policy of checking the inbound stream of foreign loans and credits, reducing the 'plethora' of foreign currency reserves, and reducing the bank rate. The motives for this are commended, but they call for sacrifices. The Allgemeine Deutsche Kreditanstalt announces its annual dividend of ten per cent with this saving clause: 'We shall not know until the end of the current year whether Germany can extricate herself from her adverse economic conditions by her own efforts. Had it not been for the influx of foreign capital, we could never have carried through our big industrial concentration. . . . The present stringency in the money market raises a doubt as to whether our industries can carry on without the aid of outside finance.'

Both demand and output have receded somewhat of late in the Ruhr coal district, and stocks are beginning to accumulate at a few pit-heads. England is shipping almost as much coal to Germany as she did before the strike, at lower prices than those of her competitors. Most of the long-term contracts made by Ruhr collieries during the strike expired in April, and few of them have been renewed. The Institute for Research into Crises has just published a forecast of the German iron and steel market predicting that prices are likely to go lower rather than higher, since the economies secured through 'rationalization' and technical

improvements have within two years increased per capita output in this industry by nearly one fourth. A German economic writer aptly observes that the European Steel Cartel has merely shifted the fight between producers from the open arena to the privacy of its council chambers. Poland has not yet become a member, because the Cartel is not willing to grant her the quota of two million tons and the special treatment in her domestic market that she demands. The original and present function of the Cartel has been to limit production and to allot output among the member countries. It is now recognized that measures to regulate prices by common action must supplement this quota policy to make it a success. The German members advocate setting up common selling agencies or analogous organizations to perform this function, instead of trusting to loose price agreements among the members.

According to German papers, American financiers are backing a big housing development in Berlin, which is to begin with the erection of fourteen thousand dwellings. These will be built on the quantity-production plan, from standardized parts. It is not specifically stated that these parts and the accessories are to be delivered on a belt and assembled in rows of a specified number of houses a day, but that is the general impression conveyed by the prospectus. Each tenement is to consist of a kitchen, a living-room with twenty square metres floor area, two other rooms with sixteen square metres floor area, a small bedroom with eight square metres floor area, and a bathroom, and is to rent for three hundred dollars a year, including heat and hot-water service.

Just before the expiration of the seventy-five-million-dollar credit to finance German exports to Russia, such

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eagerness was exhibited to take a last-minute advantage of these facilities that the credit was exceeded by twenty million dollars. A deficiency appropriation bill to meet the Central Government's share of this amount has therefore been introduced in the Reichstag. According to the British press, the Russian Government is employing a New York firm of mining engineers to introduce American methods and equipment into the coal mines of South Russia. An official statement of the Soviet authorities in Berlin, relating to Russian concessions to foreigners, enumerates forty given to Germans, twenty to British subjects, and fifteen to citizens of the United States.

Poland's trade balance for 1926 recorded a surplus of exports over imports exceeding eighty million dollars. This was due to a shrinkage of imports, caused partly by the protective tariff, partly by a good harvest, and in a degree by the régime of strict economy enforced upon the country. Poland ranks second among the nations of Europe and third in the world in her output of zinc, which was one hundred and twenty-four thousand tons last year. Practically all of her ore comes from her own mines. American capital now figures larger than that of any other foreign country in this industry. Possibly with a view to dealing more effectively with the International Steel Cartel, the country's iron and steel masters, who have hitherto had separate organizations at Warsaw and Kattowitz, have united with headquarters at the former city, where they have established joint offices for selling their products and for purchasing their raw materials. Two of Czechoslovakia's great export industries, the manufacture of glassware and of porcelain, are depressed by foreign competition. Four-fifths of the output of

each industry is sold abroad. During the past two years French and Belgian glassmakers, with their deflated currency, have been able to undersell her; but Germany, to whom she has been forced to yield the primacy which she formerly occupied in the international glass market, is still her chief competitor. Her exports for 1926 amounted to between thirty-four and thirty-five million dollars, or ten million dollars less than those of her northern neighbor. Her rival in the porcelain manufacture is Japan, whose exports have increased between four and five hundred per cent during the past thirteen years, while those of Czechoslovakia have risen only sixty per cent. Japan now stands second to Germany in the international market. Austria sees a ray of light piercing the economic gloom that has so long rested over the country in a slight but regular decline in her unfavorable trade balance since the end of last year, accompanied by a lessening in the number of unemployed. Greece manifests an ambition to speed up industrial recovery in a new bill to place raw materials not produced at home on the free list, to reduce taxes upon manufacturing establishments by one fourth, to grant ten-year monopolies to certain pioneer undertakings, and to give special customs privileges to manufacturers using Greek raw materials.

Australia is not generally regarded as a manufacturing country, yet in 1925, according to the latest returns, the products of its factories and workshops exceeded one and three-quarters billion dollars. The exodus of industrial capital predicted in New South Wales, as a result of the introduction of the forty-four-hour week and other policies of the Labor Party, has not occurred, for corporate capital in that state alone increased by two hundred million dollars in 1926, and the new factories in

course of construction in Sydney and its vicinity will, it is calculated, employ five thousand operatives. Queensland, which has recently had to contend with one of the worst droughts for many years, has been cheered by timely rains. In fact, she is now suffering from too much water in certain sections, and the sugar crop in particular has been badly damaged. Australia's wool crop as a whole has not been affected, for the heavy losses of sheep in Queensland have been offset by a record clip in New South Wales. Queensland's effort to help make the Empire self-supporting in the matter of cotton is not showing results, largely on account of the high cost of labor.

In connection with the Indian Tariff Act, which went into force on the first of April and which increased duties on structural steel, bars, sheets, and plates, to from thirty to forty-five rupees a ton, the Tariff Board estimated the present cost of producing steel in that country at about one hundred and twelve rupees, or nearly forty-five dollars, a ton, but predicted economies with increasing output that would reduce the cost one third by 1933. Business is quiet in the Malay States, partly on account of the fall of rubber from nearly one dollar a pound to less than half that figure. This has been partly compensated for, so far as the total revenue from exports is concerned, by the record price of tin, which has recently been quoted at three hundred pounds sterling a ton. Shipments of rubber from the Malay States increased from three hundred and seventeen thousand tons in 1925 to three hundred and ninety thousand tons in 1926, but their value declined by about twenty million dollars. Ceylon also increased its rubber shipments from forty-six thousand tons to fifty-nine thousand tons, but with a corre-

sponding shrinkage in receipts. Java, like the rest of the tropical Far East, has likewise felt the fall in rubber prices, and has also suffered from a short sugar crop. Japan has invaded the piece-goods market in the Netherlands Indies, to the alarm of Lancashire exporters.

Japan's business depression, which began with the post-war slump in prices and was aggravated by the earthquake, has culminated in a banking panic, forcing a moratorium. Last March twelve smaller institutions, representing total deposits of about one hundred million dollars, were forced to suspend payment. This was followed in April by the suspension of the Fifteenth Bank, one of the largest institutions in the country, with a capital of fifty million dollars and deposits approaching one hundred and eighty million dollars. Almost simultaneously the Suzuki Trading Company, one of the greatest commercial concerns in the world, virtually went into receivership. Madame Yoni Suzuki, who created this company and whose fortune is estimated at one hundred and fifty million dollars, has been rated the wealthiest woman in the world. Her interests are supposed to be more varied and extensive than were those of Hugo Stinnes at the height of his post-war glory. She was married when thirteen years old, and up to her husband's death lived in comparatively modest circumstances. Widowhood forced her to adopt a business career. She is now said to control the steel industry of Japan, to have a world monopoly of the crude-camphor business, and to dominate the sugar market in the Orient, besides owning ninety-eight per cent of Suzuki and Company, the commercial enterprise just mentioned, lead, zinc, and copper mines, flour and cotton mills, breweries, insurance com-

*India
to Java*

*Japan in
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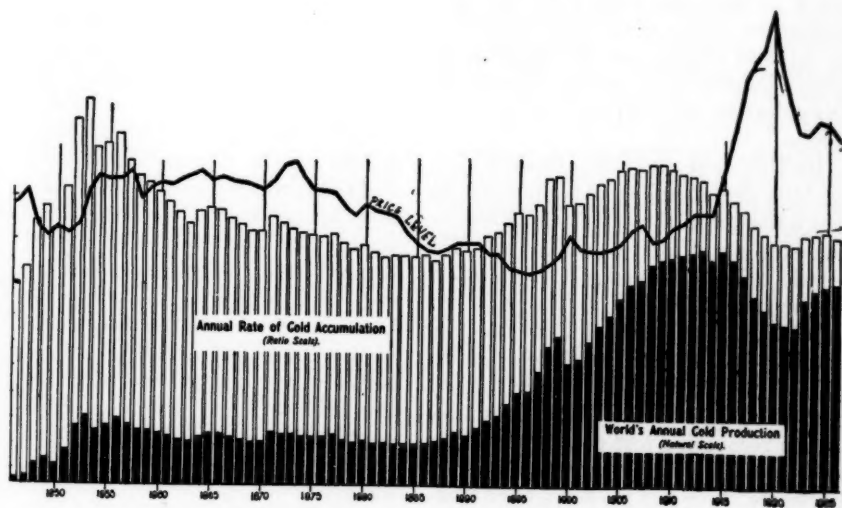
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panies, banks, dockyards, and about one million tons of shipping. She has estates in Korea, Japan, and the West Indies, and her various enterprises are said to have made fifty million dollars profits during the war.

Latin America's growing self-assertiveness with respect to the United States is not confined to political relations alone, but is also manifesting itself definitely in the field of business. The Chamber of Commerce at Buenos Aires originally declined our invitation to be present at the Pan American Commercial Congress, to be held in Washington this month, in view of the fact that the United States had adopted

measures virtually excluding Argentine meat, fruits, and seed from the North American market. In substance, the Chamber declared that if the United States was not willing to buy from the Argentine Republic it was useless to hold congresses to promote trade between the two countries. Ambassador Pueyrredon recurred to the same theme at a banquet in New York last month. His assertion that a certain balance of advantages, a reciprocity of markets and commercial privileges, is indispensable for the maintenance of amicable and enduring commercial relations between countries was quickly caught up not only by Latin American editors but also by the British press.



World's gold production, percentage addition each season to preceding year's gold stock, and commodity price level, from 1846 to 1926 inclusive. Average prices from 1867 to 1877 are taken as 100 in the price index. The left-hand column in the graph recording annual additions to the world's accumulated gold measures one per cent.

— Statist, London

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

More about Spirits

THANKS to the translation of Dr. Gustave Geley's book on his experiments in the Paris psychic laboratory, the English-speaking world is at last put in touch with that even larger world of spirit life beyond the grave. A great deal of the material in this volume is most impressive, in spite of the fact that it is based on the experiments of a Polish medium called Stephen Ossowiecki. This gentleman is a successful engineer in private life, and ever since he discovered that he was the lucky possessor of psychic gifts he has refused to take any money for his performances. Facts of this type never fail to impress certain arrant materialists whose judgment of worldly matters is as cynical as their hope of the future is serene.

Be this as it may, Mr. Ossowiecki's exploits are amazing. At one time he was a master of the art of telekinesis — the exertion of force at a distance. He is said to have moved a heavy marble statue two and a half metres in broad daylight at the house of Princess Olga Wolkonska. But as he developed his gift of clairvoyance his other faculty deserted him, and now he confines himself to recovering lost or stolen articles and describing the contents of sealed packages. Some of his feats were flawlessly executed at Paris before a committee of scientists and lawyers whose reputation for honesty is beyond question, but whose skill at detecting fraud was apparently not quite so carefully authenticated. His stunts impressed them as absolutely genuine, and in his native Warsaw he has been even more

remarkable. In one experiment there, Marshal Pilsudski wrote down a chess formula known only to himself, placed it in an envelope, and sealed it with a seal handed to him by the Minister of War. Rung up on the telephone later in the day, the Marshal confirmed the accuracy of the medium's reading, the package remaining sealed the whole time, and the incident taking place in the presence of many distinguished Poles. This willingness of important political figures to lend their prestige to scientific investigation might even suggest a similar course to our own enterprising President.

The much-discussed Eva is also dealt with by Dr. Geley. She satisfied the committee that she could produce genuine emanations of ectoplasm in the form of a small human head. The author, however, admits frankly the failure of the Sorbonne experiments, and he is properly suspicious of the dark in which so much of the work has to be done. The best results, it seems, are secured when everyone present is in good health and in the prime of life. Dr. Geley advances the theory that the scarcity of mediums in Western nations is due to the suppression of sorcery in the Middle Ages. Psychical gifts are apparently inherited, and mediaeval intolerance robbed us of a rich legacy of magic.

Voronoff's Latest

FROM Paris comes the news that Dr. Voronoff has successfully applied his gland experiments to sheep, and that the skins of the father are visited upon the children unto at least the second

generation, and perhaps unto the third and fourth as well. In 1924 the Doctor grafted a gland from a healthy full-grown sheep on to another slightly younger specimen, which at once responded by putting on two extra pounds of fleece. The economic drawback to this practice was that the cost of operating was not compensated for by the extra wool grown. But Dr. Voronoff is not a man to be discouraged, and he tried breeding young sheep from his own improved models. The results were heartening, for at the age of five months lamb *à la* Voronoff weighed eight pounds more than lamb *à la* Nature. His next experiment will be to graft bigger glands on these already precocious youngsters, in the hope that all the added weight will go into valuable wool, and not into worthless bone and cartilage.

It is only natural that these activities should be regarded with a certain amount of suspicion. Even the *Manchester Guardian*, which always welcomes political novelties, feels that it would be most unwise to disturb the balance of nature. The possible effects of Dr. Voronoff's experiments on human beings are particularly terrifying. If his methods are successfully put into practice, we shall see a race of men living to one hundred and forty years, cluttering up the earth, and retaining for an additional half-century the positions that, in the minds of the younger generation, they are holding too long as it is. Sheep are one thing, people are something else again, and until our youth can be protracted as much as our age, life under the Voronoff régime presents more horrors than ever before.

Certainly this is the view of the annuity companies, who are already being embarrassed by successful longevity operations. In Budapest, for instance, an aging gentleman submitted to the Voronoff treatment with such success

that the insurance company which had been paying him an annuity declared its contract void and refused to give him any more money. The poor fellow is rejuvenated all right, but without finances must feel as if he were all dressed up with no place to go.

New Russian Films

BERLIN, the first European city to see 'The Armored Cruiser Potemkin,' now has several more recent Russian films on its hands. The best of these is Pudovkin's production of 'The Mother,' which is based on a Gor'kii story, and is less frightful than certain scenes in 'Potemkin.' Its realism is ruthless enough, but never cynical, and all the sordid details are steeped in heroism and self-sacrifice, after the fashion of Dostoevskii. More impressive and much more terrible than 'The Mother' is 'Strike,' a picture of the Revolution of 1905, directed by Eisenstein, the same man who did 'Potemkin.' Here, as there, the propaganda is mendacious. All employers are depicted as filthy monsters, and whereas in 'The Mother' many of the bourgeoisie are represented as kindly people forced to suppress the poor, 'Strike' makes out all the employing class to be monsters, and thus loses the dramatic value of a character who is at war, not only with the world about him, but with himself.

One scene in 'Strike' is particularly effective. Three bloated capitalists are shown shaking up cocktails, and the camera focuses on the most loathsome of the trio squeezing a lemon between his fingers and watching the juice drip out as if it were blood. In a flash the scene changes, and we see a forlorn group of strikers surrounded by Cosacks, who press in upon them just as the fingers of the wicked capitalist crushed the lemon. 'Ivan the Terrible' is another picture of this type. Virtuous

peasants are oppressed and tortured by fiendish aristocrats. Violence, Sadism, and cold-blooded cruelty saturate every scene. The emotions of the audience are not purged, as Aristotle said they should be, by pity and terror; they are simply revolted by the rank excess of frightfulness. Yet with all these defects the Russian film is certainly as powerful as that of any other country. Its defects are the defects of present conditions there, and American producers may well learn from its enthusiasm lessons which a Will H. Hays school of censorship could never teach.

New Hungary on the Stage

MODERN Hungary is beginning to be heard from. We spoke in a recent issue of Baron Lajos Hatvany's epical novel, *Gentlefolk and People*, which depicts the rise of the new type of hard-working Jew. Now the dramatist Lajos Zilahy steps forward with a somewhat similar theme on the stage, in which he shows the collapse of the old Magyar nobility and the rise of the new kind of man. In his latest piece, *The White Stag*, which has just been presented at the National Theatre in Budapest, we see the ancient Hungarian, Peter Karakan, who owns extensive estates and despises peasants and Jews. During the war his son is captured by the Russians, and learns a trade in Siberia. Returning home, the young man finds the father temporarily dispossessed of his lands and waiting to see if they will be confiscated in the course of the readjustment of frontiers. Naturally the old man does not like waiting, so he organizes an Irredentist movement known as *The White Stag*. This, however, fails, and in the meantime various factories that the father has been managing get into such a state that he has to resign, forfeiting money and honor. In the third act old Peter is celebrating his birthday in spite of all

his misfortunes, when a telegram arrives telling him that his estates have been definitely confiscated. He collapses with a heart attack, and dies to the accompaniment of gypsy music and the popping of champagne corks. After he is carried out, the blind old gypsy who has played for him all his life enters.

'Now, Master,' says this broken figure, to an empty stage, 'I will play you your favorite song.'

And the curtain drops to the plaintive strains of 'The golden leaves of the aspen have fallen.' So dies the old Hungary, and in the fourth act we see Peter's son at work in his joiner's shop putting the finishing touches on the father's coffin. As dusk descends, the lights blaze fiercely from the windows of a neighboring factory and sirens announce the watchword of the new Hungary — Work.

Music for the Millions

IF it is very lucky indeed, London is going to have an enormous concert hall almost as large and fully half as splendid as one of these new movie theatres that the Paramount people are building on every Main Street in America. Mr. Lionel Powell, a concert agent, has revealed the details of a scheme to build an auditorium seating four thousand, at a cost of four hundred thousand pounds. The virtues of the project are obvious. In Mr. Powell's estimation, the only reason that music is dying on the English air is its expense. In the new building, opera as good as the Metropolitan in New York will be provided at ten and six for an orchestra seat. Symphony concerts will be still cheaper — five shillings will purchase a place within earshot of the band.

At present only the Albert Hall fulfills the functions that this new build-

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ing will perform, but the acoustics are so poor that it is as unsatisfactory for concerts as for dancing. Mr. Powell's auditorium will be available for all purposes which the Albert Hall serves to-day, only it will be much better. The one almost insurmountable difficulty that the promoters fail to mention is that no foreign musicians are allowed to play regularly in England. Whole organizations from abroad are permitted to visit, and even to play, but individual artists are not allowed to intrude their alien strains in any of the hundred-per-cent-British organizations. Until this condition is altered, the musical future of England will remain as dark as a London night.

Don't Buy Books

WHEN she had read Mr. Keynes's recent article on the sorrows of the book trade on which we commented here, Miss Elizabeth Drew, herself a professional writer, addressed a bitter letter to the editor of the *Nation and Athenæum* in which she deplored the purchase of any books at all. 'All the arguments in favor of buying books seem to me the thinnest,' she announced, and went on to say that in England at any rate 'the vast majority of the cultivated public' turn to lending libraries.

'I do not buy books,' she explained, 'for the very simple reason that I do not want books. I read books ancient and modern for both business and pleasure, but by what logic does that mean that I have got to keep bringing them into my house and lodging them there permanently? It would no doubt benefit both publishers and authors if I did so, but since even in the present conditions regulating bookwriting and bookselling far too many manage to be produced, why should I do anything to make it easier to produce more and to

cumber up rooms already too small and too dust-laden with greater numbers of these articles which take up so much space and collect so much dirt?'

Needless to say, the miserable publisher is not even considered by this violent lady, while the author is soundly drubbed. 'I am an author myself,' she confesses unashamedly, 'and I know a great many authors, and quite nine tenths of us write partly because we enjoy doing so more than we enjoy doing anything else, and partly because it satisfies an itching vanity in the heart of us. None of us, so far as I know, do it to serve the public in any way, so I really do not know why we should expect the public to support us.'

When these statements fall into the hands of Elizabeth's publishers, the fun will really begin.

Come To, Britain

PURITANISM is likely to turn the 'Come to Britain' movement into a 'Don't Come to Britain' policy, according to Sir Francis Towle, one of the leading English hotel men. Not only will foreigners be driven away by the restrictions that decorous town councils are enacting, but the natives themselves will flee to France for their fun. When the Metropole Hotel at Folkestone recently sought permission to hold Sunday dances the request was refused, and the local congregation added insult to injury by singing 'We thank Thee all, our God' the very next Sunday.

Poor Sir Francis was almost in tears. He placed the blame on 'the butchers and grocers who form the town councils of our seaside resorts, and imagine their mission in life is to reform the morals of holiday visitors.' This insolent desire to run their own locality the way they please takes many curious shapes. In some places mixed bathing is for-

bidden on week days as well as on Sundays. Other holiday resorts, as the English quaintly term them, do not allow tennis, dancing, or even solitary swimming, on the Lord's Day. This is indeed a sour reward for all that the travel bureaus, statesmen, and public citizens have done 'to make known the amenities of British holiday resorts.' The *Westminster Gazette*, in which the sad news appeared, wistfully remarked that everyone 'recognized not only the monetary but the political value to the country of attracting foreigners to Britain, while keeping our own people at home.' Although the 'political value' of numerous visitors to England remains distinctly dubious, the political wisdom of keeping Englishmen at home would be endorsed in many of the backward countries. On the whole, it seems too bad that the movement is not gaining ground any faster.

Found — One Gainsborough

THE other day Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Morton Grenfell turned in despair to his local picture dealer. It appeared that the Colonel's new house at 9 Connaught Place possessed an enormous expanse of empty wall space which had to be filled somehow or other. When the dealer heard the dimensions required he heaved a sigh of relief, and sent around a huge landscape measuring nine feet by twelve. The picture was attributed to Van der Meulen or Termeulen, or, as the art critic of the *Morning Post* puts it, 'some such name,' and the bill was one hundred and ten guineas. It was several days before Colonel Grenfell's suspicions were aroused, but the more he thought about it the more he felt that he possessed an early Gainsborough and not, as the dealer had led him to suppose, a doubtful master of minor importance. One of Christie's

men was summoned, and at once pronounced the canvas an authentic Gainsborough, painted during the artist's twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth years, while he was most under the influence of his Dutch teacher, Wynants. More experts arrived, and assured the proud possessor that the Victoria and Albert Museum contained a sketch by Gainsborough for one of the groups, and that other groups repeated certain well-known bits that appeared in his later work. Unfortunately no mention was made of the estimated value of the picture, and we must leave that sum to the conjecture of our readers.

Scrutator Retorts

THE end is not yet. Scrutator, whose article on 'The Impertinence of Mr. A. G. Gardiner' we reprinted in our March 1 issue, now replies to the reply made by Mr. Gardiner to Scrutator's original attack. Since we gave Mr. Gardiner's letter in our April 15 issue, we are now giving Scrutator his final hearing. More we cannot do.

To the Editor of the *Empire Review*:

MR. A. G. Gardiner's letter to you in your current issue is based on an error. My article examined, not, as he wishes to suggest, his pacifist views 'in the years preceding the war,' but his attitude, or rather series of attitudes, in August 1914. I demonstrated that he showed hysterical folly at the greatest crisis of our history, and that, when his doctrine of neutrality (in order to poach trade) became unpopular and his predictions of immediate famine were falsified, he sprinted into the other camp, babbling of 'honor.' This, I showed, makes him in the highest degree unfit to asperse the ability, consistency, and honesty of our public men.

He complains also that, whereas his sneers 'have always been under my own

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name,' I remain anonymous in exposing him. Mr. Gardiner (otherwise 'Alpha of the Plough') has failed to recall the long campaign of calumny against the leaders of the Conservative Party in the anonymous leading articles of the *Daily News* under his editorship. Apart from this, however, his importance is not such that I need to present personal credentials to him before quoting him against himself.

Yours, etc.,

SCRUTATOR

Morals and the Dance

CHURCH and dance hall have lately been at odds in Vienna over the questionable morality of modern dancing. In one of his Lenten pastoral letters Cardinal Piffl complained that the new steps were harming the youth of Austria and threatening Christian family life. With this interesting point of view the local dancing-masters violently disagreed. They insisted that the Charleston and Black Bottom, when properly executed, are just as nice as the waltz and polka. To prove their point they politely invited Cardinal Piffl and Monsignor Seipel, Chancellor of the Republic, to witness a pure and private exhibition of modern dancing at its best.

The Chancellor refused on the ground of not being himself a dancing man, and the Cardinal felt it would be wiser to be represented by purely unofficial observers. The show was therefore attended by two priests, one missionary, one member of the Government, and a group of welfare workers. No opinions were demanded or offered, even when Herr Mayr, an eighty-two-year-old hotel proprietor from Salz-

burg, took the floor. An entertaining time was had by all, and, as the modern steps were demonstrated in their full natural austerity, blushes were not in order. The jury gave no verdict.

A Modern Methuselah

RECENT explorations in Turkey have revealed an elderly gentleman of one hundred and fifty-four who claims to be the oldest man in the world. Born at Bitlis in Turkish Kurdistan, he has taken part in four wars,—not including the eleven times he has been married,—and has been blessed with twenty-eight children. Three years ago one of his sons died, a stripling of ninety-seven, and he has only one child left, a teething youngster of sixty-four, to cheer him in his old age. The ambition of his life is to visit England, which he regards as the most powerful and wonderful country on earth.

Interviewed by a correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, Zaro Agha, as he is called, complained that the spaghetti he ate four years ago in Italy spoiled his digestion for life, and that since that time he has not been able to sleep more than two hours a night.

'I lost all my teeth at ninety,' Zaro announced, 'but in my hundred and second year two new teeth appeared in my lower jaw. A dentist is now preparing a complete set of false ones for me.

'I have never drunk a drop of alcohol, nor smoked tobacco or cigarettes. For the last fifty years I have drunk nothing stronger than tea, which I take regularly.'

This is indeed a wonderful story, but more wonderful still would be the person who believed it.

BOOKS ABROAD

James Bryce, by H. A. L. Fisher. London and New York: Macmillan and Co., 1927. \$8.00.

[Lord Charnwood in the *Spectator*]

THE LIFE of James Bryce, by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, may arouse many readers to a wide survey of the world to-day and suggest profound thoughts upon its problems; but it demands of a reviewer the humbler task of welcoming it heartily and immediately. Bryce came terrifically near omniscience, and his biographer, the Warden of New College, is himself a very learned statesman; but the consequent alarm with which this book may be approached vanishes as soon as it is opened. If it had to be in two volumes, yet they are not bulky volumes, and they are surprisingly easy to read. They cannot have been easy to write. To the vast range of ground which Bryce literally traveled, and the vast regions of knowledge in which he was figuratively a voyager, the reader is introduced so genially that he is relieved of all sense of oppression, without loss of interest or of respect. For the biographer — if one may guess without impertinence — is in one way at least like his subject; a certain fundamental modesty keeps his touch light and human, through passages where the least self-obtrusion must have made his ripe knowledge a bore.

James Bryce, born in 1838, drew his nurture from Belfast, Glasgow, and Oxford. He got a fellowship, went to the English Bar, and about the same time made a lasting mark with a book on the Holy Roman Empire, very short and dreadfully condensed, but illuminating to a surprisingly large and varied circle of readers. Alert, retentive, untiring, wiry, and intrepid, he, through a long life, studied — both in books without number and afoot in remote solitudes and among motley crowds — jurisprudence, botany, geology, the whole course of history, almost the whole face of the globe, and the manners of many strange peoples. His constant and eager contact with English political life and social progress was equally unrelenting. He was an active Member of Parliament for over twenty-six years and more than once a Cabinet Minister; founded the study of law in Manchester and helped to re-create it in Oxford; twice in his life did valiant service to the cause of English secondary education; lent a helping hand to many forms of social service; was all his days the persistent and fearless champion of

obscured and oppressed peoples far away whom he knew and loved; and, — most notably of all, — by his most laborious and most famous book, made the by no means oppressed people of America intelligible to Europe and to themselves. Taught by early experience, and unhampered by early prejudice, he played a rarely independent and far-seeing part in regard to the Irish question, and in his seventieth year — when Mr. Fisher's admirably rapid first volume ends — was discharging, not more unsuccessfully than his predecessors, and less so than his successors, the eminent but thankless office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, when the unlooked-for opportunity for which his whole career had trained him came, and he went to Washington as Ambassador. All the while his heart had remained anchored in the love of a few lifelong friends — in later years of a lady well fitted to share in all his joys and endeavors — and in a childlike, unmetaphysical, and untroubled loyalty to some great, simple truths early learned.

The American, and also, let it be added, the Canadian, people appreciated fully what we at home realize with perhaps less adequate appreciation — that the crowning adventure of Bryce's life in the untried field of diplomacy resulted in a signal achievement with solid results which must outlast any eclipse. From it he returned, well stricken in years (via, of course, most quarters of the globe), in time for the outbreak of the war. Bryce, for all his personal toughness and daring, loved peace and gentle ways; distrusted martial propensities; loved the old Germany that he had once known well; and was slow to believe in the potency of wrong and unreason there, or anywhere, except in Turkey. It is therefore no little thing that, from the moment of the invasion of Belgium, the old man, who for days past had faltered, threw his soul into the war. Perhaps in his unwavering conviction that the war must be fought out at all costs to the end, and there-with his passionate desire that the ensuing settlement should lay in righteousness the foundations of lasting peace, he represented as completely as could be the best mind of his own people. But, of course, his public career was almost over, though his Report as a chairman of a Commission upon German atrocities was a great war service; and the bulk of Mr. Fisher's second volume is but the record of a shrewd observer and a wise but unavailing counselor. Every cause for which

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he cared was in his last years faring ill: the Great War ended in the Little Peace; the American people, whom he loved and trusted better than he did their institutions and public methods, were, after one splendid effort, signally failing to make good; in his own country democracy, the object of his temperate faith, seemed about to perish through slack tolerance of 'direct action.' It was an amazing achievement that, amid all this and when well over eighty, he wrote his memorable book — up-to-date, immensely well informed, sober, and sweet-tempered — on *Modern Democracies*. The comparative diffuseness of Mr. Fisher's later chapters may well be pardoned. He was himself an important member of an Administration which Bryce bitterly condemned, and could not have told his tale so fully or so fairly had he tried to write with greater grip. He succeeds in keeping us aware that, if his hero died much disappointed, he died undefeated and undismayed.

Already, since his death, much has happened which forbids younger men, who partake in any of his enthusiasms, to indulge in very gloomy views. But in closing the pages of a biography we think rather of the man than of his times. A slight acquaintance could easily take stock of James Bryce's defects, and might be assured that he knew them all but did not know all his strength. He lacked the dramatic quality; and he lacked repose. With his incessant activity, his rapid utterance, and his manner, in casual intercourse, as of a brusque man who has to catch a train, the House of Commons, which attended little to his unanswerable arguments, and, like Charles Lamb, is somewhat anti-Caledonian, was not wholly to blame. Again, he had no great literary faculty, and he knew it; the multitude of facts, often petty and dry, which poured into him and poured out of him might create the illusion of a mind wanting in philosophy, and, which is worse, in poetry. But a great illusion it would be. This man who loved facts, and who also loved men, and whose love for both drew its strength from a deeper source, did, it may well be, more than any other man of modern times to make possible the growth of understanding and sympathy between widely separated nations of men. And, without appraising the fruit of his labors, we are led by Mr. Fisher's simply told story to the ruling thought of a poet whom he valued deeply: —

Who would not give,
If so he might, to duty and to truth,
The eagerness of infantine desire.

It was granted to James Bryce that he might do this; and he did it.

The Russian Revolution, 1917-1926, by L. Lawton. London: Macmillan and Company, 1927. 21s.

The Memoirs of Baron Wrangel. London: Benn Brothers, 1927. 15s.

The Reign of Rasputin, by M. V. Rodzianko. London: Philpot and Company, 1927. 12s. 6d.

[Outlook]

EACH of these books is the complement of the others, and taken as a whole they portray such a scene of human folly and degeneration as has rarely been witnessed in so brief a space during the history of mankind. One passes from the degradation of serfdom to that of Bolshevism, and on nearly every page is some example either of a want of stamina on the part of the upper classes or of brutality mistaken for firmness. If it be true that nations get the government they deserve, then the merits of Russia during the period covered by these three books must have been very small indeed.

Mr. Lawton's knowledge of his subject is encyclopedic, and his work is the most scientific study of Bolshevism in practice that has yet appeared in English. There is not an aspect of the present régime in Russia which he does not discuss in a wholly impartial manner, and for this reason his unfavorable judgment is the more convincing; for far from considering the country to be an earthly Paradise, Mr. Lawton roundly declares in one passage that 'the whole of Russia has become one vast slum,' and in another that it is 'one vast madhouse.' From world revolution alone can the present system hope for success, and, as this becomes every day more improbable, the only question to be solved is whether the end of Bolshevism will come by evolution or by revolution.

The chapters which the author devotes to a consideration of the position of women and of the laws relating to marriage and divorce will repay careful study, for no aspect of Bolshevism has attracted more invidious attention in Western Europe, though it hardly appears to deserve the opprobrium that has been cast upon it. The Bolsheviks declare that they have merely admitted in law what is everywhere the custom in fact, and in this one respect they certainly have public opinion behind them. For the rest, Mr. Lawton proves conclusively that the only equality which the Russian Revolution has brought about is that produced by universal squalor, and his work is an excellent antidote to any partiality toward Bolshevik doctrines.

Baron N. Wrangel was the father of the White general of that name, and his reminiscences cover the period from the later years of Nicholas I down to his own death in 1920. Two facts above

all others emerge from the pages of his book — the streak of brutality which runs through the Russian character, and the growing weakness of the governing classes during the last half-century of the Tsarist régime. A story which the author tells of a landowner, an elder contemporary of his own, who to prevent his serfs running away had the soles of their feet burned and horsehair inserted in them, and of another who kept six or seven houses each containing a harem recruited from the wives and daughters of his serfs, explains, if it does not excuse, some of the Bolshevik atrocities. Baron N. Wrangel's book, however, shows Russian life at its best as well as at its worst, though even in the very highest circles one has the feeling that savagery was never very far below the surface. The author himself ascribes the weakness of the *ancien régime* to the policy of Peter the Great, who in Westernizing the upper classes created a gulf between them and the rest of the population. The theory is an attractive one, but on the Baron's own showing the veneer of Western culture was very thin.

M. Rodzianko was President of the Duma, and in this book he proves himself to have been, what Sir Bernard Pares calls him in the Introduction, 'no great man.' Some readers, indeed, will be prepared to describe him in considerably stronger terms, for this work reveals such an incompetence in high places that it is little wonder that on one occasion Lord Milner 'could scarcely control his feelings,' but 'kept throwing himself back in his chair, and groaned audibly.' The author has little fresh light to throw upon the disreputable career of Rasputin, though it must be confessed that the latter's amatory successes reflect no very great credit upon the morals of high society in Tsarist Russia, and the real value of M. Rodzianko's book lies in the account it gives of the relations which existed between Nicholas II and the Duma, and of the character of that unfortunate monarch: for this reason it should be read by all who wish to understand why the fall of the Romanoffs was inevitable.

Hans Andersen: The True Story of My Life.

Translated by Mary Howitt. London: Routledge and Company, 1927. 7s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

HANS ANDERSEN was one of the real instances of a creature which might otherwise seem to be a fabulous monster, 'the boy who never grew up.' He lived his life as if it had been a fairy tale, in an attitude which is frequent with most children and rare with most grown-ups; so that, while he was always odd, he was much less odd as

a child than he was as a grown man. When he was young he was more of a child than most children, but when he was older he was less of a grown-up than most grown-ups. As a child he did the things that all children want to do; he left his home and went to seek his fortune, and found it. But though he grew up, he was never able to behave quite like a grown-up; he remained a rather perplexed stranger among his contemporaries. This perplexity accounts for the only pages in this book which are not good reading — those which describe his relations with his critics. They are interesting, all the same, because the experience which is behind them bore good fruit afterward in the story of 'The Ugly Duckling.' Andersen began to write too young, and his delight in any praise that he received was unbounded; it was natural that both his friends and his critics should think it their duty to admonish him against vanity. But he was not vain. What seemed like vanity was really a simplicity which left him as defenseless as a child against both praise and blame. When he was a rising young writer at Copenhagen he received reproof or ridicule in much the same way as the small boy at the charity school at Odense had received the jeers of his companions at his passion for the theatre: 'I hid myself at home in a corner, wept and prayed to God.' But he was, as he says himself, 'a child of good fortune.' These bad days passed when once he had discovered his proper business as a writer. The derisive critics were silenced, and his friends gave up trying to make him behave 'like anybody else.' The Ugly Duckling became a swan.

He had so far discovered only the difficulties of his position as a *Betwixt-and-Between*, a grown-up in fact and a child in fancy; now he found out its opportunities. He began to write his fairy stories, and found that they 'furnished reading for children and grown people, and that assuredly is a difficult task for those who will write children's stories.' The difficulty, of course, lies in the different way in which children and grown people imagine, or pretend. The child alters his real world, making his porridge and milk into mountains and lakes, and his chair into a horse, simply for fun, and all he asks of his 'made-up' world is that it shall be more exciting than the one out of which it is made. But the grown-up artist pretends seriously, and requires of his imaginary world that it shall be in some way as real as his actual world, or even more real. Hans Andersen knew how to pretend in both these ways at once. 'It was his accomplishment' — just as it was the accomplishment of the Elfkin King's daughter to be able to put a white wand between her lips and vanish. So he deserved what he calls 'the

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one unchanging honorable opinion' which has always prevailed about his stories.

His own life seemed to him like a fairy story. 'I had, and still have, a feeling,' he says, 'as though I were a poor peasant lad over whom a royal mantle is thrown.' He tells his own story in this book exactly as he had told the stories of the Constant Tin Soldier or the Wild Swans, and he himself, in his courage, piety, and simplicity, is very much like one of his own heroes, or perhaps, rather, one of his own heroines. But he was certainly odder himself than any of his own inventions, and it is astonishing that Mary Howitt's translation of his autobiography should not have been reprinted for eighty years; we must be grateful to those who have restored it to us. His life had been adventurous, and gave him a good story to tell, and no one could tell a story more happily and innocently than he.

Crazy Pavements, by Beverley Nichols. London: Jonathan Cape, 1927. 7s. 6d.

[Oliver Baldwin in the *Daily Herald*]

'I AM watching the final and utter decay of a large section of the British aristocracy. Soon the only respectable people left will be impoverished Scottish families who live surrounded by dogs in Inverness. The whole spectacle gives me great satisfaction, especially as I believe I may claim to be regarded as one of the plague spots myself.' (Lord William in *Crazy Pavements*.)

I am assured that the kind of events recounted in this new novel by the author of *Twenty-Five* are not called from the realms of Oriental imagery, but are based on well-known facts. Well, if that is so, it is well worth reading, for it shows us that when we are unable to see any reason for the continuance of a parasitic class our attitude is not without foundation.

If readers of our paper are interested to know how a certain sect of high society lives, or how 'gossip' writers invent their paragraphs, or how petty and small and vicious the lives of these aristocrats can be, this book will enlighten them.

It is good to see that one of our most notable young authors has seen through the glamour of wealth and fashion, and that he is beginning to say so. Perhaps later his pen may be a little more condemning and his future novels break away from treatment of subjects which, though they may bring wealth to himself, do not necessarily bring encouragement or satisfaction to his readers. Nevertheless, the book, though cruel, is

witty and brilliantly written. Mr. Nichols describes events with ease. He carries one along. Yet the whole time one is asking, 'Can these things be?'

It seems incredible that this sect of the comfortable class can lead such lives without a care or a thought for the extraordinary troubles of the present day. That such flaunting of wealth, that such misuse of wealth, can be so thoughtlessly carried on with over a million unemployed in this small island, and two million on the Poor Law, with deep class-hatred stirring the very vitals of society, seems incredible when we realize that these same people have read the history of the French Revolution, and know something of Russia in 1917.

I received only one comfort from the reading of this very clever book, and that was with a fervent sigh and the outspoken assertion, 'Thank God all these people vote Tory!'

Marriage of Harlequin, by Pamela Frankau. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1927. 7s. 6d.

[*Saturday Review*]

THIS is so good a 'first novel' that we are tempted to predict its successor will be even better. The story is mainly of interest as exhibiting the reactions of a young girl to post-war conditions. Lionel de Vitrand (there is a faintly *Family Herald* flavor about the author's names) would never have married Sydney Sherne had not the latter been possessed of a considerable fortune, and about a year after the marriage he told her as much. By this time, however, Lionel was very much in love with Sydney, while Sydney had always been in love with Lionel. But pride kept Sydney dumb. The result is that husband and wife plunge recklessly into the feverish amoral life of modern London, and disaster is only averted by what seems the merest of chances. There is a half-promise of future happiness in the concluding sentence of the story. Miss Pamela Frankau has a keen eye for character, and if she would consent to ration her epigrams she would achieve something very like realism.



BOOKS MENTIONED

GELEY, DR. GUSTAVE. *Clairvoyance and Materialization*. Translated by Stanley De Brath. London: Fisher Unwin, 1927. 30s.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Allinghams, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927. \$2.50.

THAT May Sinclair understands children cannot be denied. She has proved it by her past work, and she adds a further convincing proof in the shape of *The Allinghams*. This delightful family live in an English country house — Father and Mother, Aunt Martha, and the six children. When the scene opens the eldest is fifteen and the youngest five; by the end of the book all have grown up.

There is something businesslike in the way we are given a brief description of each person who is to play a prominent part in the story; we feel that we know them all, and instinctively the mind approves of the way their characters develop according to the signs visible in childhood. Clever or plodding, healthy or abnormal, it does n't matter — all are interesting.

There is a continual sparkle and fire about the social life of this family. Father and Mother stand for one set of ideals. Aunt Martha is frequently in opposition to them, and the children love all three. Some get married, and their love-making fits as it should the conception of their character that Miss Sinclair has built up. Others have a harder road to travel, even a surprising road, but eminently plausible. But the outstanding feature of this novel is the dialogue. Here the author is at her best; she scintillates, and is frequently brilliant.

The discriminating and sophisticated reader will find much that is pleasing in *The Allinghams*. It is a return to the manner of *Anne Severn* and *The Fieldings*.

The Pope of the Sea, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1927. \$2.50.

WHEN Blasco Ibáñez speaks, there is color in his voice, drama in his gestures, power and passion in his whole being as he raises arms to high heaven as if to tear the very stars out of the firmament and strew them quivering at the feet of an enchanted — or terrified — audience. When he writes, this fiery eloquence is not missing from the printed page. The present book, an 'historical medley,' as the jacket accurately puts it, reveals the self-exiled rebel from Spain devoting his flashing pen to a grateful subject, for here we

have the glamorous story of Avignon in the romantic days of the Great Schism. The Pope of the Sea is Don Pedro de Luna, Benedict the Thirteenth, a figure at once heroic and pathetic.

The skill of the practised novelist, backed by sound research, is lavished on the tale. But Ibáñez presents it as a story related by a modern young Spanish scholar to a wealthy and beautiful Argentine widow who forbids love-making and demands Church history instead! These two appear briefly every fifty pages or so, impertinent intruders to the reader honestly absorbed in the adventure of Don Pedro, and cold comfort to any seeking the sophisticated contemporary love story which the opening chapter promises. This clumsy device to give a pseudomodern scene is irritating and ill-advised.

From Man to Man, by Olive Schreiner. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1927. \$2.50.

It gives an old admirer of Olive Schreiner a curious thrill to read after the author's death a book so reminiscent of *The Story of an African Farm* in power, truth, beauty, and in almost unforgettable tragedy. Both works are 'human documents' rather than novels, and both deal with the inner lives of two women, one of whom in each book was largely drawn from the author herself. In the *African Farm* it was Lyndall; in *From Man to Man* it is Rebekah. The childhood of Rebekah is frankly autobiographical, as we are told by Olive Schreiner's husband in the touching 'Introduction,' which reveals how little the author's wedded life could have resembled the tragedy of Rebekah's marriage. The dice have been loaded against the two sisters by whatever sinister destiny watched over their youth and maturity, but one finally ceases to believe that fate could be so uniformly cruel to such high-minded women.

In *From Man to Man* there are too many pages of didactic discussion, there is too much philosophizing, too much moralizing. Again, as in *The Story of an African Farm*, the author loves to express her views in unnaturally long letters written by one character to another. The men and women are almost symbols of definite virtues and vices — Truth, Purity, Sincerity, Hypocrisy, Meanness, Cruelty — rather than human beings. But in spite of obvious faults, this unfinished book, pieced together after its

brilliant author's death with infinite love and labor, is a living work. Besides the vividness of local color and the interest of plot, it has absolute sincerity — a passion for essential truth that burns like a flame. One does not look for the obvious merits of a standard work of fiction where one is conscious of smouldering greatness.

Latterday Symphony, by Romer Wilson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. \$2.00.

Latterday Symphony makes excellent reading. The action takes place within just twenty-four hours, during which we follow the hero from a musicale in Mayfair to a night club, a moving-picture theatre, and finally to his apartment for tea. He has returned from a sojourn in Spain, where he hoped to cure himself of a hopeless passion — only to be reintroduced to the object of his affections at the musicale. She finds him changed, agrees to reconsider her former decision and let him know her conclusions the next day at tea. The restlessness and agonizing suspense of the intervening hours, spent in the company of a mulatto tenor who has also capitulated to the heroine's charms, carry one along at a swift pace to the final crushing disappointment.

Perhaps the best scene is that of the night club, which is treated with unusual humor and felicity. Though the siren and the Negro are so consistently inconsistent as to render them, if not quite preposterous, at least unconvincing and nebulous, the result is nevertheless a clever, sophisticated, and at times moving portrayal of the self-consciousness and hypersensitiveness of the present generation.

Bolshevist Russia, by Anton Karlgren. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927. \$3.50.

ORIGINALLY published in Swedish, this study by the professor of Slavic at the University of Copenhagen is an exceedingly useful contribution to the understanding of Russia as it is after some eight years of Bolshevik government. From 1904 to 1916 Professor Karlgren visited Russia every year; he was at one time correspondent for the Swedish press; finally, for some months in 1924, he again studied conditions on the spot.

The author is less concerned with the theories of Bolshevism than with its practice and results. Unlike the majority of recent observers, he was able to travel extensively in the remoter parts of the country, and by this means avoided the distortion of impressions from which those who see only the 'show' spots in the large cities invariably suffer. His pages teem with quotations from *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, the speeches of Lunacharskii, and other trustworthy Bolshevik sources, and his conclusions are therefore doubly arresting.

Members of the Party exercise a power every whit as tyrannous as the Tsaristic rule, the condition of the peasant is worse, and, in the words of the Minister of Public Education, 'in seven years no such advance has been made as may safeguard us against the continual increase in barbarism.' It must not be supposed that the conclusions are drawn with partiality; on the contrary, it is hard to find a phrase that does not show a purely dispassionate and critical attitude. As an intimate and vivid picture of Russian life as it was up to the end of 1925 the book is admirable.

Revolt in the Desert, by 'T. E. Lawrence.' New York: George H. Doran Company, 1927. \$3.00.

THERE are probably not half a dozen people in the world who are really qualified to review this book. Both critic and reader, therefore, can judge and enjoy it only as a fine piece of writing and a record of adventure. And here again we are up against it. Lawrence's achievements in Arabia, though they turned, as he himself should have foreseen, to dust and ashes, have no modern parallel. Before them we can only wonder, ignorantly. His curious prose is not so baffling, for it stems directly from Doughty, and, though it is not so original or spontaneous as some of his admirers would have us believe, it is marvelously suited to its subject — wild tribes pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp across desert wastes, rushing from one unheard-of place to another, eating impossible food and drinking sewer water. Not every reader will fall under the author's spell, but those who do will be amazed with what enthusiasm they will follow him from one adventure to the next.

I'll Have a Fine Funeral, by Pierre La Mazière.

Translated from the French by Jacques Le Clercq. New York: Brentano's, 1927. \$2.00.

THIS daring French novel is a clever piece of irony on that shibboleth of success, 'Behave yourself, be earnest, and work hard.' In it the Janus-faced author looks at life with the wistful seriousness of a threnody while he laughs at it with a diabolical cackle of cynicism. His treatment of the war is startlingly sane, although typical of much French post-Armistice thought. This worldly novel, certainly not intended for the squeamish moralist, has been regrettably spoiled by a translation which is clumsy and often crude, but when the work is considered in its entirety the finesse exhibited in the general handling of material outweighs these minor defects. Its keen satire and Gallic frankness make the reading of this book a distinct pleasure.

DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

WHATEVER happens in China, we are glad to see that the American Government have, again a little late in the day, rallied to our side in a common cause. — *The Morning Post*

What I am saying to you is this, that we have got in China a large number of Chinese who, having been to America, have absorbed the ideas which America gives, and, having got back to China, repeat some of the shibboleths they have heard in the United States about British dealing and British imperialism, and they become leaders in an anti-British movement which has for its object the getting of something which never belonged to them, and which their race never created — namely, the European cities of China.

— *Sir Auckland Geddes*

I do not wish to suggest that these three Powers [America, Japan, and England] should exploit China for their own ends, but in working together for the good of China, and not in trying to steal a march on each other, they can best help China, and incidentally their own people.

— *Sir Arthur K. Yapp*

The alliance between Japan and Great Britain no longer exists; but there is room, surely, for a cordial rapprochement with a purpose. The two nations together would be a great power for the peace and security of Eastern Asia.

— *Morning Post*

Is it to be supposed that it is any more barbarous to kill noncombatants outright by bombs dropped from the air than to starve them slowly to death by blockade, and by so doing perhaps to ruin the health of future generations? It is only because one is the more spectacular and noisy method of destruction that it is considered by confused brains to be more cruel.

— *Saturday Review*

The wine dealers are delighted: Norway has renounced Prohibition; it has become wet again.

'You see,' explained a beautiful Norwegian lady, 'the experience was not successful. When men drank wine in our country, they were sometimes drunk, but they were always nice. But when alcohol was forbidden, they turned into

mad dogs, if you can believe me, and regarded water with horror. And they were terrible.'

Perhaps when the Americans go wet again, they too will become nicer, and will not, for instance, ask us for any more money.

— *Cyrano*

The future of broadcasting is like the future of crossword puzzles and Oxford trousers — a very trivial future indeed. — *H. G. Wells*

This country has received up to the present approximately ten million pounds from Allied Governments in respect to war debts, and has paid approximately one hundred and thirty-five million pounds to the American Government.

— *Winston Churchill*

Capital never requires to picket; they can boycott or victimize. — *Ramsay MacDonald*

I do not find nowadays much love of liberty among Socialists. — *Dean Inge*

Half the theatres in London are controlled from America, and the other half will be soon.

— *Jerome K. Jerome*

The prospect of more votes for women does not elate me one bit now that I know we make the same mistakes as men. — *Christabel Pankhurst*

Mr. Bernard Sullivan, London Secretary of the Tailors' and Garment Workers' Union, stated that men are to be asked to buy brighter underwear.

'Just before Easter,' he said, 'the shops will be showing undervests and pants in heliotrope, pink, and other striking colors. It is hoped the men, converted to brighter "undies," will eventually respond to suits of less drab hue.'

— *Daily Herald*

London is one of the healthiest places in the world to live in. — *Lord Haddo*

London is the damndest city in the world.

— *A. J. Cook*